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ART HISTORY

Resisting the Latin infusion

By S. S. PRAWER

PETER PARET

The Berlin Secession
Modernism and its Enemies in Imperial
Germany

269pp. Harvard University Press.
£12.25.
0 674 06773 8

Ever since the appearance, in 1972, of Rudolf Pfeiffer's pioneering book *Die Berliner Secession*, people interested in modern art and its relation to society have had cause to wish for a work that would utilize the private papers of the principal figures connected with that group, together with the official documents scattered in various archives, in order to tell its inner as well as its outer history. This task Peter Paret has now performed, and he has done it well enough to make every reader realize that the Vienna "Secession" is not the only group so named whose activities at the turn of the century deserve to be chronicled.

One point, however, must be made straight away: the author's aesthetic judgments on the artists joined together in the Berlin Secession - Liebermann, Corinth, Slevogt and the rest - are neither persuasively argued nor adequately illustrated. There is very little formal analysis of works and styles; paintings prominently mentioned in the text are not reproduced, while those works which are reproduced (frequently from the artist's own collection of graphics) fall, as often as not, to receive sufficient discussion. Of only two colour plates, one is devoted to a pastel by Liebermann, who occupies a central place in the story Paret has to tell; it is pretty enough, but the unutilized need more help than they here receive if they are to see in it sufficient proof that Liebermann may still be regarded as an artist of more than historical and institutional importance. Nor does the one (rather mildly reproduced) etching by Walter Leistikow bear out the large claims Paret makes for that unjustly forgotten figure; and I am sure I am not the only one who would want more persuasion than the description "magnificent variation on an ancient Assyrian frieze" if I am to admire the dull lithograph of an inoffensive-looking animal stuck full of arrows with which August Gaul sought to

celebrate the British surrender at Kut in 1916. We are, it is true, given some fine drawings by Slevogt, Th. Th. Heine, Corinth and - especially - Barlach; but an adequate visual accompaniment of Paret's argument will have to be sought in another book: Werner Doede's *Die Berliner Secession* (1977), whose more than 300 plates and art-historical introduction remain indispensable. It should also be said that it is not part of the author's intention to link artistic and literary movements, in the manner of, say, *Silk Kunst* (1900) by Richard Hamann and Jost Hermann. English readers will find Roy Pascal's book on literature and society under the Emperor William II, *From Naturalism to Expressionism*, an admirable and necessary supplement.

Secessionists, as Paret defines them, are social and institutional processes, sometimes caused by aesthetic considerations and always accompanied and affected by such considerations. In the nineteenth century they can be seen as incidents in the struggle over the control of major exhibitions, which had come to play a crucial role in the life of European artists. Even when the salons accepted innovative works, abler artists, whether avant-garde or traditional in outlook, preferred to put some distance between themselves and the mass of their colleagues.

Splinter groups, called *Société anonyme coopérative des artistes*, *Salon du Champ de Mars*, or *Mûchener, Wiener, or Berliner Secession*, were formed to create their own forums and launch their own publications; in these ways they educated the public, stimulated demand for their works and changed the attitudes and policies of the art establishment, which throughout the Continent was either an arm of the state bureaucracy or closely associated with it. Often secession members not only exhibited as a group, but also worked together and shared specific aesthetic sympathies. As the Berlin Secession clearly shows, however, a common programme and close artistic collaboration were not universal phenomena - what mattered was the conflict between secession and salon or academy, between creative talent and the constraints of state patronage, between a taste for the new and a determination to stick to what was old, tried and conventional.

What Paret's book gives us, therefore, is a closely documented and fascinating case-study of power-struggles in the artistic and bureaucratic world at the turn of the century: struggles between William II and his more enlightened cultural administrators; between the Prussian Academy and various seceding or competing bodies (often aided by official policies in German states and cities outside Prussia); between the leaders of the Secession and those whose work they exhibited or refused to exhibit; and also, of course, between the various artistic movements, in Germany and abroad, which the Secession furthered or sought to inhibit in the fourteen years of its official existence. We learn to know such representative personalities as Anton von Werner, the Prussian establishment's favourite painter and administrator; the artist Max Liebermann and the art-dealer and publisher Paul Cassirer, who were the guiding spirits of the Berlin Secession throughout most of its history and whose Jewish origins provided constant ammunition for their many enemies; along with a host of others, ranging from the courageous and enlightened Harry Graf Kessler to such proto-Nazis as Henry Thode, Arthur Kampf and Paul Schultze-Naumburg.

Liebermann, Slevogt and Corinth were known, to their friends and enemies, as "das Dreigestirn des deutschen Impressionismus", the "constellation" of German Impressionism - and Paret usefully defines for us what that phrase meant to men like Cassirer.

It tried to give a concise name to the manner in which the artists of the Berlin Secession had achieved after shedding much of the realism and naturalism of their early years - a process that paralleled the development of the French impressionists but led to different results. *Fläch-malerei* painting was nearly as important to the modern Germans as it had been to the French. Their colours were less atmospheric; however, they placed greater emphasis on line and movement; and their treatment of human beings reveals a fascination with the particularities of the individual that is not equally evident in French impressionism. Still life, a major genre for French impressionism, was less important to the Germans; it is almost absent from Liebermann's work.

But "impressionism", even so defined, will not do as a description of many of the artists who exhibited their work under the auspices of the Berlin Secession. These range, as Paret shows, from Corinth to Barlach, from Liebermann to the elegant cartoonists of *Simplicissimus*, from Kollwitz to Feininger. Kollwitz and Lehmbruck. In the early days the Secession's enemies had fastened on its supposed connection with Naturalism - a politically, socially and artistically highly suspect movement in the eyes of the Prussian establishment - to deny official honours to its artists; in later years they saw in its championing of the French Impressionists a sinister Jewish plot to subvert true German art. The master-mind of this plot, it seemed to such paranoids, was the "profit-hungry" Cassirer, whose name lent itself to witless puns; he was thought to have formed an alliance with "Jew-tar" and rapidly expanding circles of aesthetes and stockjobbers" on the French side of the Rhine. The result of this alliance of Germany's traditional enemies, Frenchmen and Jews, could be seen on the walls of German art galleries - Fritz von Ostlin described them, in 1911, in characteristic terms:

"The French despise us to such an extent that their arrogance is turning into insolence. The most pathological paintings of van Gogh's insane period, the rejected experiments and barely prepared canvases from Cézanne's estate, have been acquired with pleasure by the good German dilettante. Today he is being told that the jokes of the publicity-mad Henri Matisse, whom the French themselves have long ago ceased to take seriously, are the greatest works of art; and tomorrow it will be the work of Picasso, the cubist!"

History, fortunately, has its own way of transforming such diatribes into frolic commentaries on themselves. The protests of Ostlin and other signatories of Carl Vinnen's *Ein Protest deutscher Künstler* have become vivid involuntary testimony to the taste and foresight of the artists and art-dealers against whom they were directed. One of those signatories was Käthe Kollwitz - but she soon came to regret her support of Vinnen against Cassirer. After visiting a mediocre exhibition of German art (she writes to her son Hans on May 20, 1911), she sought to cure her depression by going to the National Gallery, "I walked upstairs to the French collection, and as soon as I entered the first room - the one with Kollwitz to Feininger, Kandinsky and Lehmbruck. In the early days the Secession's enemies had fastened on its supposed connection with Naturalism - a politically, socially and artistically highly suspect movement in the eyes of the Prussian establishment - to deny official honours to its artists; in later years they saw in its championing of the French Impressionists a sinister Jewish plot to subvert true German art. The master-mind of this plot, it seemed to such paranoids, was the "profit-hungry" Cassirer, whose name lent itself to witless puns; he was thought to have formed an alliance with "Jew-tar" and rapidly expanding circles of aesthetes and stockjobbers" on the French side of the Rhine. The result of this alliance of Germany's traditional enemies, Frenchmen and Jews, could be seen on the walls of German art galleries - Fritz von Ostlin described them, in 1911, in characteristic terms:

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Luxemburg had stood, it soon transpired that the triumph had gone to the old enemy who, whether his name were Ivan, Peter, Nicholas, Vladimir, Joseph or Leonid, always had the same fate in store for Poles. Polish history is an eloquent warning to utopians.

The second is the "golden liberty" of the Commonwealth of gentlemen, in which the freedom, dignity and honour of the Polish gentleman came before all else. No gentleman could be arbitrarily punished or persecuted, not even in the name of true religion. On this foundation rested the greatness of the Polish state, the humane quality of the Polish Reformation and Counter-Reformation and the great flowering of literature and the arts in Renaissance Poland. In the sixteenth century the liberties of the gentleman were well balanced with statesmanship in government, prosperity in commerce and patriotism in the nation. In subsequent years all this declined, and Poland slowly came unstruck. Revolutions and invasions swept the land, the treasury had too little money and the king's army too few soldiers, while private enemies pillaged the magnates' estates, and the *liberum veto* could bring public business to a standstill. All this has been endlessly noted by foreigners, from Voltaire onwards. Yet in 1982 a moment's pause for thought is in order.

The gentlemen's Commonwealth was a very agreeable polity, but it lasted only three hundred years. Arguably a still more agreeable polity in human history has been the liberal democracy of the "north-western corner" of the world, giving freedom under law to all and a chance to exert influence and even power. It has existed less than two hundred years. It has been healthy enough to survive some invasions, and private enemies have played but a minor role in its life; but it displays a profusion of semi-sovereign states within the state – not territorial but sectional – corporation

fiefs and labour union fiefs, whose use and abuse at times recall the *liberum veto*. Whether the balance between pursuit of private material pleasure and defence of the realm, against armed force or economic collapse, is much more favourable in the "north-west" in 1982 than in Poland in 1682 is not self-evident. Thirty years ago the glorious forward march of Western democracy was still axiomatic. As late as 1969 a seminal work on economic modernization was proudly entitled *The Unbound Prometheus*. In 1982 the horrid thought presents itself, that perhaps Prometheus was only released on parole for a century or two. Poles at least can testify to the ruthless patience of the ever vigilant vulture.

The third role in the Polish drama is one which the Western hedonist intelligentsia, of capitalist or socialist stamp, finds hard to grasp. Mickiewicz's image of Poland as the Christ among the nations, crucified for the salvation of the others, smacks of melodramatic rhetoric, or even of spiritual pride. But the identification of the Polish people with the Catholic faith, for all the anomalies and infidelities which historians can uncover, has remained through Poland's millennium a mighty force, usually passive, sometimes vigorously active. One period of activity began in the summer of 1979. For the first time in history Poles from all walks of life could and did welcome in their country the Vicar of Christ their countryman. Millions throughout the world saw on their screens how his compatriots received him. While in Western democratic Europe and America reports abounded on the decline of all beliefs, and in difference took forms of liberty, the Poles stood forth as champions of both. Perhaps this was just another example of foolish romantic Poles out of step with progressive humanity. This is what their conventional wisdom told self-styled progressives. But it is just conceivable that the Poles have something to teach them.

Dynasty and degeneracy

By Kyril FitzLyon

W. BRUCE LINCOLN:

The Romanovs
Autocrats of All the Russias
852pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£20.95.
0 297 77917 6

The title of W. Bruce Lincoln's book is slightly misleading. The book is neither about the Romanov family nor about the autocrats bearing its name. It is a straightforward history of Russia – in which the autocrats naturally play the leading role – from 1613 when the first Romanov, Michael, was elected to the throne of Moscow, to Nicholas II's abdication and the Imperial regime's collapse in 1917.

The author himself seems to feel the need to justify the title and, therefore, speaks not of Russia, but of "the Romanov state", "the Romanov society", "the Romanov order", even "the Romanov culture". Even the Russian legal system before its reform in 1864 is said to have had as its "primary goal" the protection not of the interests of the Russian class structure (let alone the Russian population), but of "the interests and prestige of the Romanovs and their leading agents". It is as if Russia had no history or identity of its own, but was merely an extension of the Romanov dynasty or, even more narrowly at any given time, the emanation of one man: the autocrat. This is somewhat reminiscent of the (spurious) *Memoirs of Madame du Barry* in which she claims she used to address her royal lover, Louis XV, as "France" *tout court*, there being no distinction between the country and its ruler. Such a personalization of history is unusual nowadays and gives the book a slightly old-fashioned air. But this does not detract from its readability and may even be welcome to some readers.

Professor Lincoln is well known to scholars of Russian history, particularly for his biography of Nicholas I. Informative, penetrating and fair, so the reader opens Lincoln's latest book in the confidence that it, too, is shaped by these admirable qualities, but realizes fairly quickly that the author is badly handicapped by the unavoidable concomitant of academic competence: rigorous specialization. His familiarity with the Russian nineteenth century is not, apparently, matched by a correspondingly intimate knowledge of other periods of Russian history. A more serious defect, damaging to the reliability of his narrative, is insufficient discrimination in the choice of sources and a somewhat careless use of them. A not entirely adequate knowledge of the Russian language results occasionally in curious mistranslations and may be responsible for a certain confusion of names and persons, wrong attributions, faulty definitions etc., admittedly more annoying to a historian than likely to interfere with the telling of the story.

In an excellent introduction of a very few pages Lincoln gives a panoramic view of Russian history up to the time of Michael's election to the throne. But since his interest in the Romanovs is limited to the sovereigns among them and then only to their capacity as rulers, he logically, but disappointingly, fails to discuss the origins of that remarkable family. In fact, he does not seem to be aware of the family's long-established social and political pre-eminence before it became a Royal dynasty, and places it below the upstairs Godunovs who he rather surprisingly includes among "the great boyar families", ranking with the highest in the land.

It can be said without exaggeration that the Romanovs' single main contribution to Russian history was the confusion of names and persons, wrong attributions, faulty definitions etc., admittedly more annoying to a historian than likely to interfere with the telling of the story.

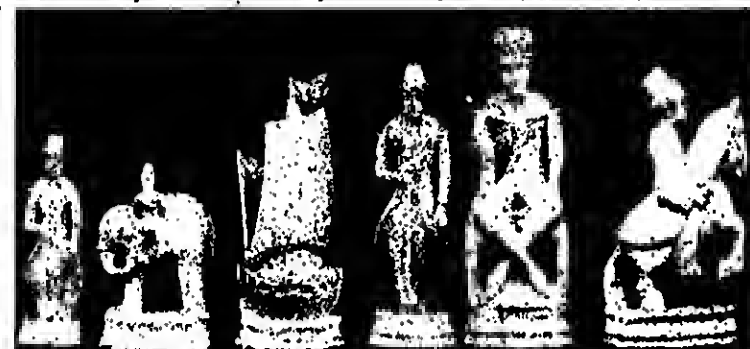
Western scholars will still find difficulty in obtaining access to Soviet archives, but preparation for research can now be made with ease and confidence. Future volumes in this entirely admirable series will be awaited with eagerness.

their support and whom he physically exterminated. Lincoln tells it well, but unfortunately, in one crucial way, stands the story on its head. The *Streltsy* (from the Russian *strela*, the arrow) formed a corps of hereditary musketeers who, because of their inherited status and the special position they occupied, had a vested interest in the old order which it was Peter's ambition to destroy and, in doing so, to create a new army on the Western model. Lincoln, with considerable originality, derives their name from that of the German *Duchey* (Mecklenburg) *Strelitz* and dubs them "foreign mercenaries". This version, therefore, has Peter resisting the foreign element in the Tsardom of Muscovy and represents Muscovy or at least Peter's sister as being defended against him by foreign troops – a striking reversal of the role usually attributed to Peter in Russian history.

Peter's army reforms are as a rule considered to have been a success, resulting, first, in the defeat of Europe's most gifted soldier at the time, Charles the Great of Sweden, and then in the elimination of Sweden as the main power in the North. Eventually, end in later reigns, they can be said to have contributed to the defeat of Frederick the Great and of Napoleon. However, this is not Professor Lincoln's view. He ascribes Russian military successes at any time

to fall back into obscurity. But by then it was too late, however recent Russia's emergence as a European power.

To show how skin-deep Russia's Europeanization still was Lincoln describes the execution by beheading of the peasant rebel leader Pugachev – an example among many of the author's readiness to regard practices common to all Europe as something essentially and exclusively Russian. Even the adoption by Catherine's successor, Paul, of the Germanic law of succession by which the Crown – as in most monarchical countries – was put on a strictly hereditary basis, is considered by the author to be something quite exceptional. In Russia, as everywhere else, the dynasty was set apart from non-Royal families however highly placed. Yet Professor Lincoln writes as if this was peculiar to Russia and all even there this became the case only after Paul's new law "bestowed [sic] upon [the Romanovs] a unique position within Russia's state and society". He is amazed – without explaining how else the law of succession could work – that "all Romanovs, no matter how distantly related to the reigning monarch, became potential heirs to the throne". In his amazement he even seems to forget that the monarch's most distant Romanov relatives at the time were his own children. There were no other Romanovs.



A late eighteenth-century Russian waltz ivory chess set, to be auctioned at Christie's on March 23.

exclusively to the weather. "As would happen with the armies of Napoleon in 1812 and those of Hitler in 1941, the Russian winter decimated the ranks of Sweden's armies long before they faced Peter's guns". A curious statement, this, since Peter's victory over Charles at the decisive battle of Poltava took place in June and Napoleon's army which set out on its Russian campaign in June began its retreat from Moscow in October in exceptionally mild weather; by the time winter struck, it, or rather its remnants, had very nearly reached Poland in its flight westwards.

The period between Peter's death in 1725 and the accession of Catherine the Great in 1762 is one of the most confused in Russian history, partly as a result of Peter's law of succession which abolished the hereditary principle. Nonetheless the throne was in theory to be occupied by whomever the reigning sovereign appointed in his own lifetime as his successor. In practice, the throne was taken over by whoever held the power or opportunity to do so – four women and three men (including two minors) to thirty-seven years. Professor Lincoln triumphs over the difficulties and manages to present a lucid account without troubling overmuch about the accuracy of details. The same is true of Catherine the Great's reign, though he does seem to have excessive faith in such sources as Frédéric Masson with his fudged and dubious and often untrue stories, including the familiar one of the *épousées* who tested the virility of Catherine's prospective lovers.

It is strange to read in 1982 the assurances made by the British government to Catherine's ambassador in England not only that "there could not be a more natural alliance than one between Britain and Russia", but that "all territorial gains made by the Russian Empire and every increase of its prestige in Europe could only be agreeable to the King of England and general". The contemporary French policy struck me more familiarly. Note the exciting story of Peter's successful and bloody struggle with his ambitious sister and with the armed forces – the *Streltsy* – who were

DESMOND KING-HELE (Editor):
The Letters of Erasmus Darwin
363pp. Cambridge University Press.
£45.
0 521 23706 8

Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802), the Leonardo of Lichfield, the Goethe of Radburn Hall, was the best known doctor in England (he refused a summons from George III to come to London and be his personal physician), a brilliant psychiatrist, socially zealous and domestically lustful, a colossus in mind and in body (the disposition of his circular table to be cut in the dining table so that his girl could be further augmented in comfort) and a prime mover of the Lunar Society, whose members included Joseph Priestley, Matthew Boulton, James Watt, Samuel Galton and Josiah Wedgwood.

He also advanced entirely new (and correct) ideas – as Desmond King-Hele tells us in the first of his two excellent and mutually supporting studies, *Erasmus Darwin* (1963) and *The Life and Genius of Erasmus Darwin* (1977) – about

air travel, animal camouflage, artificial wells, auroras, bays, canals, earriages, cloud formation, electrotherapy, exercise, fertilizers, geological strata, gill slits in embryos, interpreting the Portland Vase, linking body and mind, nerve impulses, night airglow, ocular spectra, organic happiness, origin and development of life, outer atmosphere, oxygenation of blood, photosynthesis, plant nutrition, recapitulation theory, rocket motors, seed-drills, sewage farms, sexual love, speaking-machines, steam turbines, submarines, survival of the fittest, telescopes, temperance, treating dropsy, treating mental illness, variations in species, vegetable animation, ventilation, water-closets, wind-mills, wind-vanes.

He is the founding father of modern scientific evolutionary thought; his theory pre-dates Lamarck's, and is in my case less Lamarckian than that of his grandson Charles Darwin in the traditions of *The Origin of Species*.

His immensely influential *Zoonomia*, or *The Laws of Organic Life*, two massive volumes totalling 1,377 pages, published in 1794 and 1796, is a great medical treatise, a general essay on man, but also arresting in its story, characteristic detail: for *Synopsis*, or "ungovernable desire of venerer indulgence" Erasmus Darwin's complete treatment is "Venesection. Cathartics. Torpor. Marriage"; for the shaking fits of *Palor* or *tremor* a *thore* he prescribes "Opium. Wine. Food. Joy."

A companion work, his exploration of vegetable life, *Phytologia*; or *The Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*, appeared in 1800; but it was his long poem, *The Botanic Garden*, that brought him real fame. He published Part II, *The Loves of the Plants* (1789) first, rightly suspecting that it was easier to read than Part I, *The Economy of Vegetation* (1791), which he eventually followed with the less successful *The Temple of Nature*; or *The Origin of Society* (1803), which still reached three editions in three years.

And as if this multitude of achievements was not enough, in middle age, by sheer force of intellect, when bereft of his front teeth and to corpulent that it was said, his tongue hung out like a dog when he walked, Erasmus Darwin easily out-distanced a press of merely young and rich and handsome men, and won the heart of the most sought-after young widow in the county.

Coleridge, who had certainly earned the right to judge, considered Erasmus Darwin to have had "a greater range of knowledge than any other man in Europe". Yet his poetry, whilst deeply influenced by the Romantics, was selfless by their work, and his major contribution to science, his theory of evolution, was obscured by that of his less impressive large number of the book. The errors are so numerous that the irritated reviewer ends up by hesitating to attribute to a mere misprint Professor Lincoln's statement that Napoleon's island of St Helena is "situated 'more than a thousand miles off the south-east coast of Africa'".

The Leonardo of Lichfield

By Redmond O'Hanlon

scholar (Shelley: *his Thought and Work*, 1960), has succeeded, in his two biographies and now in this magnificent (and first) edition of the letters, in dragging Erasmus Darwin's large and various planet, highly supportive of all kinds of life, back into full view.

The youngest son of a lawyer who, he tells us, "passed through this life with honesty and industry, and brought up seven healthy children to follow his example", Erasmus was sent to Chesterfield School, where, as a letter to his sister Susannah about the deprivation of Lent informs us, one of his lifelong interests was already acutely developed. He warns her sternly not to eat meat, "but don't mistake me, I don't mean I have not touch'd roast beef, mutton, veal, goose, fowl, etc. for what are all these? All flesh is grass! and, besides this, 'Excuse Hasty, supper being called; very Hungry'."

He was already versifying with prolific gusto: "White snaky sausages their volumes roll, And his and split before the burning coal. Then let the Ham's delicious Red be seen, Spread on the greasy Quintessence of cream

and sending poetic profundities to his favourite sister:

My dearest Sue
Oh lovely hue
No sugar can be sweeter;
You do as far
Excel Su-gar
As sugar does salt-petre.

He read classics, mathematics and medicine at St John's College, Cambridge, took his BA in 1754, and then spent two years at Edinburgh, the leading medical school in Europe; where, amongst more official enlightenment, as a contemporary remembered, although he was "fond of sacrificing to both Bacchus and Venus", "soon discovered that he could not continue his devotions to both these deities without destroying his health and constitution. He therefore resolved to relinquish Bacchus, but his affection for Venus was retained to the last period of life."

After a further year at Cambridge he took his MB, and emerged into a disordered world as well qualified as an eighteenth-century doctor could be. He was a pitifully short of diagnostic skills, with no concept of a germ theory, armed only with a few simple treatments for almost all illnesses, with purgatives, emetics, bleeding, and a few favourite herbs. Yet in the hidden qualifications that really mattered were he to grasp the one opportunity for genuine success in eighteenth-century general practice – the relief of psychosomatic suffering – Erasmus Darwin was already toweringly well equipped. He was so obviously so very much alive himself, so impossible a target for a wasting disease, so massively energetic yet so directed in his enthusiasm, so persistently opposed to despair.

Uncowed, even after two months in Nottingham waiting in his surgery while not a single patient came, lothly comforting himself in "philosophical speculation", he arrived in Lichfield, the home town of Garrick and Johnson (the dictionary had been in print a year), bearing a letter of introduction to Canon Seward, whose house in the close was the centre of the city's literary life. A Mr Inge, a "young gentleman of family, fortune, and consequence", lay dangerously ill, abandoned by the local doctors as a hopeless case. As Anna Seward writes, "By a reverse and entirely novel course of treatment, Dr Darwin gave his dying patient back to existence, to health, prosperity, and all that high reputation, which Mr Inge afterwards possessed as a public magistrate." Thereafter Darwin's career never faltered, his reputation gradually becoming legend.

He married a "bloomer and lovely young lady of eighteen", Mary Howard, moved into an old, half-timbered house in the close and transformed his garden, part of the original ecclesiastical moat. "The tangled and hollow bottom he cleared into lawn smoothness, and made a terrace on the bank... planting the steep declivity with lilacs and rose bushes." He became a familiar figure in the surround-

ing countryside, his carriage pitching and tossing along the rutted tracks, faithfully followed by an ancient horse called Doctor, on to whose back Darwin would heave himself whenever his sulky, luxuriously fitted with a sky-light, bookshelves, writing materials and a hamper of food, stuck fast. In fact, life on the slow move was really not quite as arduous as he presented it to Boulton in April, 1778, when apologizing for his inability to attend a Lunar Society meeting:

I am sorry the infernal Divinities, who visit mankind with diseases, and are therefore at perpetual war with Doctors, should have prevented my seeing all you great men at Soho to-day – Lord what inventions, what wit, with rhetoric, metaphysical, mechanical and pyrotechnical, will be on the wing, bandy'd like a shuttlecock from one to another of your troop of philosophers! While poor I, by myself, I imprison'd in a post chaise, am joggled and jostled, and bump'd, and bruised along the King's high road, to make war upon a pox or a fever!

He had every reason to be happy, and knew it. "For my own part", he writes to Underberg Reams, "I practise under undergraduate days, 'I practise Medicine in Lichfield, Staffordshire, where I shall hope to hear from you... I have a good House, a pleasant situation, a sensible Wife, and three healthy children, and as much medical Business, as I can do with Ease, and rather more... Mechanics, and Chemistry are my Hobby-horses, but a Comparison of the Laws of the Mind with those of the Body, has of late been my favorite Study'."

But at thirty-one, his wife, having borne him five children, died of liver damage brought on by excessive draughts of opium and spirits and water, taken, as she wrote in her diary, to relieve the "maladies of my frame" which "were peculiar; the pains in my head and stomach, which no medicine could eradicate, were spasmodic, and violent; too, by some of Darwin's money and much of his advice", builds the greatest factory in the world, James Watt (and how different the distribution of several kinds of power in the nineteenth century might have been) is persuaded not to take his engines to the other player in the coming Great Game:

Lord, how frighten'd I was, when I heard a Russian Bear has laid hold of you with his great Paw, and was dragging you to Russia – Pray don't go, if you can help it: Russia is like the Den of Cacus, you see the Footsteps of many Beasts going thither but of few returning.

Great schemes are laid, great capitals are actually due, and great intellectual as well as commercial results follow: geological and biological time begin their vertiginous expansion; Darwin, pre-empting William Smith (who, like Henry Bates, Alfred Russel Wallace and Herbert Spencer, was a survivor for the navigation companies) realizes that strata can be dated by the fossils they contain. During the construction of the 2,880-yard long Harecastle Tunnel on the Grand Trunk Canal many huge bones were found, some of which Josiah Wedgwood acquired. Darwin, thinking of the same geographical space which would one day enlighten his grandson, writes to Wedgwood: "The horn is larger than any modern horn I have measured, and

Dear Boulton, Whether you are dead, and breathing inflammable air below; or dephegosticated air above; or whether you continue to crawl upon this miry globe, measuring its surface with your legs instead of compasses, and boring long galleries, as you pass along, through its dense heterogeneous atmosphere – as I am alive, now, I can not recollect how I meant to finish this long period, so here we'll leave it; and pray tell me how you do, and your wife and children and fire-engines. . . .

Nor was it kind to project such energy at the poetess Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield", and then find better things to do:

You know not, dear Miss Puss, the value of the heart you slight – the milk have I in flowing streams to regale you, and mice pent up in a hundred garrets for your food, or your amusement; oh, permit me this vory afternoon to lay at your divine feet the head of an enormous rat. . . .

He deserved the thoroughly feline swipe he later received in his revengeful memoirs. But knowingly or not, the bulk of these letters are pitched on the herculean scale. The Industrial Revolution takes place before one's eyes. At Soho, which, as Darwin writes, "is the name of a hill in the county of Stafford, about two miles from Birmingham; which a very few years ago, was a barren heath, on the bleak summit of which stood a naked hut, the habitation of a warren", the one-time button-maker, Matthew Boulton, having married a heiress (helped, too, by some of Darwin's money and much of his advice), builds the greatest factory in the world, James Watt (and how different the distribution of several kinds of power in the nineteenth century might have been) is persuaded not to take his engines to the other player in the coming Great Game:

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must have been that of a Patagonian Ox I believe." But he was deeply impressed and, within three years, accepting the idea of evolution wholeheartedly, had the motto *E conchis omnia*, "Everything from shells", emblazoned on his carriage (until the objections of the canons in the close forced him to paint it out again). A powerful line of family thought had begun: every one of Charles Darwin's books (apart from the treatise on *Cirripedia*) has its original counterpart in a chapter of *Zoonomia* or an essay-note to one of Erasmus's poems; and Charles's personal, provisional title for the first trial essay towards *The Origin of Species* was *Zoonomia*.

But these letters contain no hint of intellectual strain, no suggestion of dark satanic mills (although "The name of the engraver I don't know, but Johnson said He is capable of doing anything well" turns out to be William Blake). "The Botanic Society of Lichfield", after all, so industriously producing translation after translation of the works of Linnaeus and corresponding with every botanist in the land from Sir Joseph Banks to Dr Richard Pulteney of Blandford, is actually one Erasmus Darwin, a whole society, and more, in himself. And then there are the practical pleasures: on the ground, "a little wild, unbragging valley, a mile from Lichfield. . . irriguous from various springs, and swampy from their plenitude", the eight acres of boggy land which he bought and gradually converted into a haven of rare trees, a seduced pleasure garden.

Darwin's range of interests certainly seems to have inspired his editor towards feats of similar virtuosity. He picks up his 1763 statement of the ideal gas law, which is usually credited to J. A. C. Charles a full twenty-four years later; his preoccupation of the law of partial pressures, which was formulated by John Dalton thirty-eight years after Darwin's discovery; and his 1781 Lunar Society bantering riddle that correctly seems to suggest, contrary to orthodox opinion (of both the phlogistons and their opponents) that water is not an element but can be decomposed, that one of its components is a gas, and that the gas is hydrogen, "displaced from its earth by oil of vitriol" – when sulphuric acid acts on a metal.

But King-Hele will also remind us, when Darwin writes with his newly invented Polygrapher (so producing the earliest document of which a perfect mechanical copy exists) to Charles F. Greville, hoping for his sponsorship, that Greville's habitual "liberality" lay elsewhere, to "unfortunates" like Emma Hart, whom he "rescued" in her teens, tutored in the social and the intimate graces, and then, when next in debt, made over to his uncle William Hamilton who married her in 1791, and upon whom she revenged herself two years later with a resounding victory over Nelson.

He annotates Darwin's medical letters excellently, too. The Devil,

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Edited by PETER WIDDOWSON
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Erasmus complains to Watt,
has play'd me a slippery trick, and I
fear prevented me from coming in
to join the holy men at your house, by
sending the measles with peripneum-
ony amongst nine beautiful children
of Lord Paget's. For I must
suppose it is a work of the Devil!
surely the Lord can never think of
amusing himself by setting nine
innocent little animals to cough their
hearts up? Pray ask your learned
society if this partial evil contributed
to any public good? - If this pain is
necessary to establish the subordination
of (or?) different links in the
chain of animation?

It does not make the Lord less generally
culpable, but it does mildly diminish
the fatal argument, to be told that the
eldest son commanded all the allied
armies at Waterloo, that the second
became a diplomat, the fourth Wel-
lington's second-in-command in the
Peninsular War, and the fifth an
admiral.

Darwin's gentle hints to the Duke of
Devonshire, worried about "a perma-
nent redness" of the complexion, on
the other hand, are allowed to speak
for themselves - "Give a man unused
to vicious fluids a bottle of port wine, or
3 pints of ale - what is the consequen-
ce? He loses his understanding, and
becomes for a time an idiot". But it
is startling to know that the friend
inspiring Tom Wedgwood, then a
young man of twenty-three oppressed
by an obscure, probably psychosomatic
illness, and the recipient of many of
Darwin's compassionate or playful let-
ters, is the twenty-two year old Col-
eridge; and that his correct prescrip-
tion for "Tom" is "a grain of opium taken
every night for many months".

Lastly, alongside the public attain-
ments in science and literature so
impressively documented in this mag-
nificent book, Darwin is to be admired



Erasmus Darwin (right) playing chess with his second son, Erasmus. From Doctor of Revolution: The Life and Genius of Erasmus Darwin by Desmond King-Helle (361pp. Faber. £12.95).

for mastering his own powerful emo-
tions when they were in chaos, for
preserving his intellectual flexibility
and joie de vivre of ideas almost
unimpaired, for retaining nearly all of
his capacity to give energy to others,
for surviving two ghastly shocks in his
life: his eldest, favourite and most
brilliant son, Charles (after whom
Charles Darwin was named - and
whose memory may well have helped
to disillusion the second Charles with
medicine and to nauseate him before
operations), a medical student of nine-
teen at Edinburgh, already the winner
of a gold medal for his clinical thesis,
cut his finger while dissecting the brain
of a child in May, 1778, and died a few
days later in his father's arms. And his

second son, Erasmus, a lawyer with a
neurosis about settling his bills which
Darwin misdiagnosed as a trivial, lazy
quirk, when forty, having made a
frantic effort for two days and nights to
conquer his mess of papers whilst
refusing to take rest or food ("I cannot,
for I premeditated it in my mind that
the accounts should be sent in tomorrow")
he received in reply an unfinished
letter to old Edgeworth: "We have a
pleasant house, a good garden, ponds
full of fish, and a pleasing valley...
deep, umbrageous, and with a talka-
ble stream running down it... I
would have been worth the loss of
a whole litter of sucking pigs to have
had him to supper."

Still, a tranquil Darwin could later
reflect: "The worst thing I find now is
this d-d old age, which creeps silly
upon me, like moss upon a tree, and
wrinkles one all over like a baked
pear." But then, as he admonishes
James Watt, "Now I grow old and not

so well amused in common society, I
think writing books an amusement - I
wish you could write books, instead of
having these confounded headaches,
which you complain of!"
He died on the morning of April 18,
1802, characteristically exercising his
huge gift for friendship, having just
moved to the Priory, and writing
(despite the "scrawled questionnaires"
he received in reply) an unfinished
letter to old Edgeworth: "We have a
pleasant house, a good garden, ponds
full of fish, and a pleasing valley...
deep, umbrageous, and with a talka-
ble stream running down it... I
would have been worth the loss of
a whole litter of sucking pigs to have
had him to supper."

From evolutionism to élitism

By Jane Lewis

CHARLES WEBSTER (Editor):
Biology, Medicine and Society 1840-
1940
344pp. Cambridge University Press.
£22.50.
0 521 23770 X

The most comforting response to this
stimulating and controversial book
would be to conclude that in the end
neither ethology nor eugenics nor any
of the other biological theories it
discusses came to anything, and that
their proponents may therefore be
safely regarded as cranks or eccentrics
and marginal to the medical and sci-
entific community as a whole. But this
would be to trivialize ideas which, as
these essays show, were widely voiced
and firmly rooted both institutionally
and socially among American, British,
and German scientists.

The book gathers together a number
of the papers given at the 1978 Past and
Present conference on the origins of
sociobiology. It would seem that the
emotional commitment of the pioneers
to their creed was comparable to that
exhibited by sociobiologists today.
They were after all debating the funda-
mental issues of man's origins
and the nature of human behaviour. It
is therefore not surprising to find, in
the words of Charles Webster, that
"evolutionary theory rivaled the argu-
ments in the degree to which it could
pronounce on specific cases of con-
science".

These essays emphasize the inter-
play between the biological and social
sciences. As Donald Mackenzie com-
ments, the boundaries between evolu-
tionary biology and social thought were
unclear, and disputes about social
policy were often carried on in the
idiom of biology. This means that the
problem posed by Webster in his
introduction regarding the involve-
ment of modern medicine and biology
in questions of politics and policy must
be squarely confronted.

The relationship is by no means
simple. For example, John Durant's
study of eugenology shows how ideas
about human society were first applied
to the animal world and then returned
to provide a biological rationale for

behaviour within the human one.
Ethologists such as Lorenz and Tin-
bergen believe that animals possess
specific innate characteristics which
can be understood, often by direct
analogy with human character, on the
basis of prolonged and sympathetic
observation. Lorenz endorses the idea
that "animals are emotional people of
extremely poor intelligence" and effec-
tively unites animals and men in a
single theory of innate character.

Other essays in the book demon-
strate how commitment to a particular
vision of society often affects research
methods and the way in which results
are interpreted. The most notorious
example is undoubtedly that of Cyril
Burt, who finally went to the extreme
of falsifying his data in order to
preserve his social philosophy. Bernard
Norton argues persuasively that
Burt's admiration for Francis Galton,
the father of eugenetics, led him to
rework the latter's ideas regarding the
correlation between "civic worth" (IQ
in Burt's terminology) and social class.
The result was a startling resemblance
between Burt's 1961 paper on "Intelli-
gence and Social Mobility" and Gal-
ton's work on "Natural Inheritance",
published in 1869.

Darwinists and eugenicists also pro-
vided scientific justification for the
existence of inequality between the
sexes at a crucial point in the struggle
for female emancipation. Carol Dy-
house shows the way in which popular
assumptions regarding women's
proper place and the shortcomings of
working-class mothers led doctors and
health officials to emphasize married
women's employment outside the
home and working-class mothers' in-
ignorance, rather than environmental
conditions, as causes of infant mortality.
Brian Harrison argues likewise that
the medical profession used its sci-
entific standing in the community to
legitimize ideas as to the physical and
mental inferiority of women and their
confinement to the private sphere of
home and family. However, Harrison's
approach to this already well-worked
material is odd. It is hard to understand
his decision to explore a series of
questions regarding the effect of the
feminist movement (defined largely in
terms of the leaders of organized
feminist groups) and women's health.
One would expect, as Harrison finally
admits, the relationship to be indirect
and conclusive evidence thus hard to
find.

Most of the contributors seek an
explanation for the emergence of the
various types of scientific social
thought in the medical and scientific
community itself. The institutional en-
vironment, intra-professional rivalries
and anxieties regarding the rela-
tionship of scientists and doctors to the
wider society seem to have played a
crucial role. The doctors' response to
feminism may be explained in part by
the threat posed by feminist advocacy
of self-help and preventive medicine to
a profession whose status in the
nineteenth century was by no means
secure. Similarly, Paul Weindling con-
cludes that in Imperial Germany organ-
icist theories were used by academics
in their arguments against the kind of
development envisaged for the univer-
sity by the state. And Daniel
Keyes attributes the virulence of the
debate between Mendellians and
Biometricians in Britain to the institu-
tional insecurity of Bateson and Pear-
son, the two chief protagonists.

Mackenzie takes this form of ex-
planation one stage further, coming
back full circle to the social interests
and philosophy of those involved. Thus
he contrasts Bateson's theoretical
approach to genetics and his use of
traditional biological methods with the
faith of biometricians and eugenicists to
precise measurement of observable
data as a means of producing a collec-
tion of "hard facts" for the guidance of
policy-makers. Mackenzie argues
strongly that biometry and eugenics
embodied the social message of the
modernizing professional. But the so-
cial significance of early genetics is very
difficult to assess, largely because of its
close ties with the eugenics movement.
There is little agreement on the extent
of either the appeal or influence of
eugenics.

In the case of university-based
geneticists there is an obvious simple
institutional connection with eugenics.
It was eugenists' money, including a
grant made at the behest of Arthur
Balfour, a keen member of the Eugenic
Education Society, which en-
dowed Pearson's chair at University
College. Yet neither Pearson nor Bateson
joined the eugenist programme for
social reform. Nevertheless it is still
possible for Webster to call Bateson a
eugenist. Part of the problem stems
from the widespread use of the lan-
guage of eugenics among scientists,
politicians and journalists from all

points of the political spectrum. G. R.
Searle defines eugenicists as those who
believed firmly in hereditarian rather
than environmentalist social philoso-
phy, and this allows him to adjudicate
the Fabians, and the Webbs in particular,
to be merely users of eugenic rhetoric
rather than committed believers. He
thus sees eugenics not as the creed of
experts and technocrats but rather of
those who opposed the Liberal Govern-
ment's social welfare legislation of
1906-14.

Would it were so simple. One of the
problems with eugenics is that it cuts
across the usual political divisions.
Michael Freedman's work has shown
that eugenics as a system of ideas was
often found in conjunction with view-
points labelled progressive. In this
connection, Weindling points out that
academics used Sociol Darwinism to
support pacifist as well as militarist
positions. It is not enough to dismiss
eugenic ideas which crop up in unex-
pected places as mere rhetoric; rather,
they were part of the intellectual
currency of Edwardian and inter-war
Britain and the problem is one of
explaining how what we regard as
incompatible ideas somehow man-
aged to coexist in many minds.

The fact remains that eugenics was
not successful. It may be, as Webster
comments, that it was overtaken by
events, especially those in Germany,
which created a distaste for program-
mes of eugenic reform. Or it may be, as
Mackenzie provocatively suggests,
that the fate of eugenics was sealed by
the post-war settlement between capital
and labour, to which case we may
perhaps expect to see it re-emerge in
the Britain of the 1980s. However it is
important to consider the man-
ifold constraints on policy-making.
Gillian Sutherland's essay shows that
LEAs had the power to refuse to
implement mental testing between the
wars. They did so because in practice
the introduction of testing was strongly
associated with making secondary-
school places free; testing provided a
uniform method of selection. But as
she points out, many secondary-school
headmasters had unashamedly different
notions of meritocracy and were con-
cerned as much about "tone" as intelli-
gence. Thus, a very similar set of social
prejudices to those which inspired the
work of Burt in the first place played a
significant part in thwarting the imple-
mentation of his ideas.

Painting the papacy

By John Hale

LOREN PARTRIDGE and RANDOLPH
STARN

A Renaissance Likeness
Art and Culture in Raphael's Julius II
1599 plus 40 black-and-white plates.
University of California Press. Paper-
back £3.50.
0 520 03901 7

Addicts of the Renaissance Papacy are
notoriously starved of sound and round
biographies. "What a morsel!" alerted
Gibbon, reaching towards the succe-
ssful career of Leo X. But he abstained,
and, save for detailed studies of par-
ticular moments, others, too, have
held back. As for Julius II (of contem-
porary *terribilità* and later Agony and
Ecstasy) there has been little of substance
to save since the somewhat
silly, halfhearted study by Ludwig von
Pastor in volume 6 of his *History of the
Papacy*, translated as long ago as 1896.
The short commons are readily explic-
able. Popes played a multiple role.
Rulers of a large secular realm in
central and northern Italy, apexes of a
faith, bosses of Europe's largest finan-
cial, legal and personnel-crammed
bureaucracy, to follow their careers
through a disparate mass of irregularly
coherent documentation is a matter
of almost pitiful *Life against Life*. And
no Pope (save, perhaps, Clement VII
and Paul III - similarly without a major
biography) would exact a heavier toll
than Julius. He faced novel challenges
in all his roles, was possessor of a
temperament inadequately described
as formidable, and the master of
cultural ceremonies that made Rome,
at last, the artistic pace-setter of Italy.

The painting has been described
variously, partly because the dirtied
version in the Pitti chiefly drew
attention before the cleaning and
X-raying of the National Gallery's
work in 1970 proved this to be the
original; and partly because the picture
was read in terms of "outside" know-
ledge of the pope's circumstances dur-
ing the period, from mid-1511 to
mid-1512, in which he sat for a drawing
(now at Chatsworth), and waited for
Raphael to work it up. For Julius it was
a time of political and military failure,
revolt within Rome itself, challenge
from a French-sponsored church coun-
cil, and dangerous illness. It was
followed by renewed health and aston-
ishing success on all fronts. So Julius's
expression in the painting has been
described sometimes as dajacted,
weary, the hands as "nervously twitch-
ing", the torso as half-slumped or bent;
sometimes with an emphasis on the
volcanic energy with which he is about
to leap from his chair.

One cannot but welcome, then, the
appearance of a book by two estab-
lished scholars - one (Starn) a histo-
rian, the other a historian of art - that
promises to illuminate at least the
extent to which a gracefully intelligent

and socially acceptable painter of
genius, Raphael, could share the
preoccupations of Julius within the
expressive potential of a portrait. For
the painting is not only striking but
debatable in its form. In fact it was the
prototype of close scrutiny, three-
quarter length papal portraits, sending
echoes down the years via Titian to
Velazquez's masterpiece, "Innocent
X". Incent it set a precedent for the
portrayal of the sitter as thinker. And
in the long line of portraits of subjects
ruminating, breeding or in contempla-
tive mood, few match the pioneer work
in its evocation of the activity of
thought itself. It is legitimate, then, to
wonder what might be passing through
the sitter's mind, and what common
world of ideas united pope and painter
in a shared mood of such assurance.

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weary, the hands as "nervously twitch-
ing", the torso as half-slumped or bent;
sometimes with an emphasis on the
volcanic energy with which he is about
to leap from his chair.

The image appears to me much
steadier. The face, though puffed
and sallow, is hale in complexion, and
the self-enclosed expression is not
conveyed in terms of strain. In contrast
to the white fringes of ermine on the

hat and cape (*camuro* and *mezzetta*),
the eye-brows and beard retain traces
of mere youthful colour. The torso is
erect and there is no nervousness
suggested by the large, well-fleshed
hands. I get no impression that he
wished to see the figure as "ready to
spring into action", as the present
authors claim; the body's stillness is an
essential complement to the activity of
the mind. Moreover, Raphael's man-
ner of painting contributes its own
sense of well-being to the figure's
off-duty dignity - as in the still-life
delicacy of the ritual handkerchief, and
the fat, rich strokes of the rechet where
it flattens along the thigh and flows in
rapid currents of strongly modelled
pleats between the knees.

The authors - we are left to guess
what they wrote - intend to make the
portrait a point of entry into "the Julian
world".

We mean to cress and combine
different kinds of evidence and lines
of approach, keeping Raphael's
Julius in sight, but moving from it to
the concerns of the culture around it,
and back again. By varying the levels
of analysis we hope to avoid the
narrowness of purely formal, icono-
graphical or "sociological" ex-
planation, and to confront some-
thing of the sheer complexity of
whatever men have made. By con-
centrating on single objects we hope
to respect the integrity of the work of
art, to resist losing it either in the
high abstraction of a prescriptive
period style or in historical detail.

Oliver branches, that is, are offered
both to the proponents and the ad-
versaries of the concept of art-in-context.
And their promise is honoured.

The details that lend themselves to
iconographical analysis are, indeed,
milked for all the resonances they may
have transmitted; the beard, the colour
of the rings (the theological virtues?)
the handkerchief (the con-
sular/imperial *mappa*?), the acorn.

finials of the elaiar (Della Rovere
emblems, but "they could also frame
the princely and imperial callings of the
pope in the expectation of triumphant
renewal and universal dominion even
at the brink of desperation and de-
feat"). One begins to scatter grains of
salt between the pages as one reads,
but this is perhaps a ritual and anachro-
nistic precaution, because the authors,
with care and ample evidence, evoke
the synthesising nature of a culture
where everything could stand for
many other things as had been read -
in a socially acceptable artist's case -
overheard in the company of those who
read.

And Rome, after all, that still dilapi-
dated and economically artificial capi-
tal-city-in-the-making, was Europe's
central exchange of information: di-
plomatic, clerical, scholarly. In a city
never before so excitedly self-
conscious about the historical linkage
between its pagan cellars and its Chris-
tian sky, the suffusion of papal with
imperial notions was bubbled about on
paper and from pulpit with every
elaborate device of a newly relevant
medieval encyclopaedia and an un-
dimmed relish for allegory. As far as
the meaning of things went - anything
was possible. The authors are not
failing in their duty if they take this for
granted. Besides, they have two
anchors that enable their book to ride
firmly over the undulations of contem-
porary fantasizing. One is their defini-
tion of the extent to which the delib-
erate expression of individuality could be
conveyed within the limits of a job (as
true for that of pope as that of painter);
"tensions between past patterns and
present possibilities, archetype and
experience, prescription and inven-
tion, norm and nature became the
underlying calculus of creativity in the
Renaissance style." This sets the
ground rules for the first chapter of this
short, packed book: "Raphael's Julius
and Renaissance Individualism".

The second anchor is the formula-
tion that regulates the discussion in the

next chapter on "Roles of a Renaissance
Pope".

The sense of continuity from the
Roman empire not only legitimized
papal claims to universal sovereignty
and plenitude of power; it also
ensured that, as the recovery of the
literary and artistic remains of anti-
quity accelerated, the propaganda
campaign waged in defense of the
papacy would be increasingly
clothed with the form and imbued
with much of the spirit of Imperial
Rome.

A third and last chapter, "The
Setting and Functions of a Renaissance
Portrait", was added because of the
special concern Julius showed (as had
his uncle, Sixtus IV) for the embellish-
ment of the church of Santa Maria del
Popolo, and because the portrait was
briefly exposed on an altar there some
months after Julius's death. Since there
is no evidence to show where the
picture was placed (heo or thereafter,
the quite likely suggestion is made that
it was intended as a donation to a
church of special significance to the
Della Rovere (but why the apparent
delay)? Otherwise the chapter pro-
vides information some of which can be
usefully read backwards to extend the
material to the previous chapters; but
mostly it constitutes a separate study of
a particular church, rather than the
Church of which Raphael's subject was
the superbly effective chieftain.

There is a lavish, excellent bibliog-
raphy - itself a point of entry into the
intellectual mood of the Julian world,
and forty black-and-white plates. The
style of the book reflects an over-
awareness of the objections that might
be raised to its approach, as well as the
desire to deal briefly with its complex-
ity. This, I suspect, will not make it
easily accessible to some of those who
could best benefit from such an
approach. But it is still a book not only
for, but which will create addicts of
Renaissance Italy's most remarkable
institution at its most intriguing mo-
ment.

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Guest Editor Charles Jencks

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IS NOT A STYLE

Guest Editor Demetri Porphyrios

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Guest Editor Derek Walker

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Genteel gatherings

By Celina Fox

BAMBER GASCOIGNE and JONATHAN DITCHBURN:

Images of Twickenham
303pp. Saint Helena Press. £70.
0 906964 04 0

JOHN and JILL FORD:

Images of Brighton
383pp. Saint Helena Press. £90.
0 906964 02 4

Bamber Gascoigne and his team of industrious researchers continue their tour in prints of the more picturesque boroughs of the nation with the publication of what are, for all their genteel associations, guides to contrasting localities. The one was, as the author says, the ideal of *urbis in rure* and perhaps the most fashionable of the retreats from the capital; the other, a seaside resort which between 1821 and 1850 became the fastest-growing town in the British Isles.

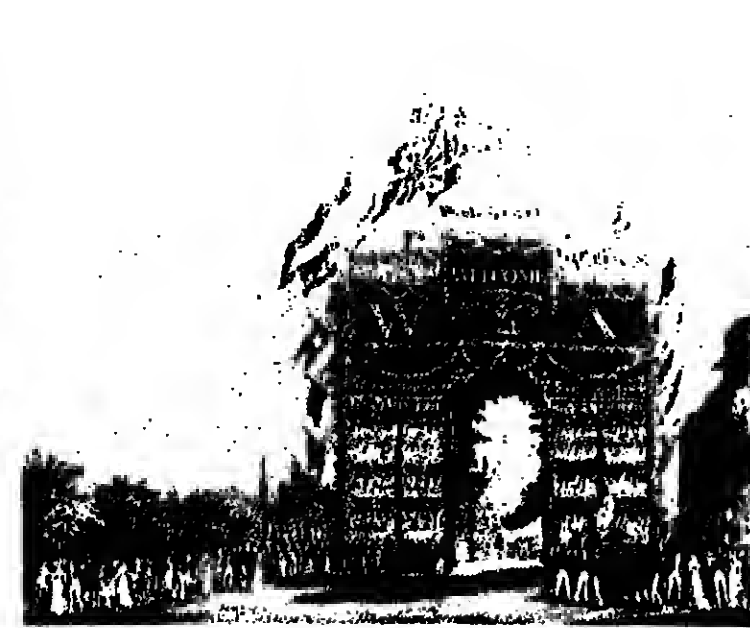
Each volume follows the pattern already established, commencing with a narrative composed by one of the district's residents or near-residents. Both the introductions to *Images of Twickenham* and *Images of Brighton* are suitably urbane in tone, sprinkled with laudatory conceits and quixotic observations. Here, a bay window is chastised for being somewhat obtrusive. There, the municipality is condemned for its undistinguished planting of trees, which destroy the unity of the prospect. Sometimes, reminders of a more civilized environment can still be observed. The Kemp Town esplanades in Brighton remain as the Fords point out, an attractive feature, "but inevitably in our graceless age, because they are open to the public, they have become the focus of graffiti of the most unenlightened kind". The Italianate lodge which Turner built for himself at Twickenham stands to this day, retaining "the interest of being an original Turner, even if heavily restored". But frequently, splendid buildings have been demolished; sometimes in the most phallic circumstances. The Fords cite the handsome Gothic National School in Church Street, demolished in 1971 during the postal strike, which prevented a government Grade II listing being received in writing by the council. After the last war, they relate, there was even a proposal to demolish Brunswick Square and its environs.

This main purpose of these works is to provide for the first time a comprehensive catalogue of all the prints of the district up to 1860, on any of special interest thereafter, thus forming an invaluable aid to the collector or curator seeking to identify a print without letters. The publishers, however, hope that the volumes will also serve a more general purpose. The intention is to reveal "as never before" how a district has developed. The authors trace these changes in the narratives: the additions made to Pope's Villa, for example, the schemes which led to the creation of the Royal Pavilion, and the alterations to the site's construction in the so-called Battle of Storm of 1824. Denselving two prints of Lady Hovell with its cast-iron pavilion, Gascoigne notes with satisfaction their perfect agreement as "a good example of the solid evidence which topographical prints can often provide". The Fords are more circumspect about the reliance that can be placed on such evidence, given the less-than-scrupulous code of practices followed by many printmakers of the time. It is difficult to understand a print without being familiar with the building depicted. Initially through plans and written sources, and dangerous to use prints as an independent source.

But such collections can throw considerable light on the operation of the print market itself. The most striking feature of the majority of the prints under discussion is the gentlemanly way they portray. Their message of elegant prospects, impressive houses and well-

dressed citizens was intended, presumably, to appeal to the owners of the properties portrayed and to serve as reminders to visitors of the charms of a locality. The Fords begin to explore this market in a thought-provoking chapter on the Brighton printmakers. The artists who drew the town ranged from seasoned international topographers like William Westall and William Daniell to local drawing masters who sometimes published their own work. Brighton was fashionable enough to attract the attention of leading London print publishers, including Rudolf Ackermann. Not only was he responsible for producing one of the most sumptuous aquatint volumes of the Regency period, Nash's *The Royal Pavilion*, but he also for a time set up a branch of his Repository in Brighton. The Fords draw attention to the superior-quality aquatints and lithographs which the experience and organization of London publishers alone were capable of producing. But their researches also invite questions about the qualitative strength of the markets in London and in Brighton, the relative spheres of influence, the interest London took in Brighton and the speed with which metropolitan fashions were taken up in the provinces.

The range of the Brighton book is altogether greater than that on Twickenham. Things happened to Brighton: storms, floods, beached sharks, wrecked ships, even rape (though the commissioning of this event, which allegedly took place in the churchyard of St Nicholas, is little more than a stock block, excluded from the main body of the catalogue). Furthermore, as the Fords point out, Brighton has always had a dual character, the working port alongside fashionable life. Fishermen's nets and the rabble of the town were bazarized to be negotiated on a promenade in the Steyne. With the coming of the railway and the day tripper, Brighton's amenities – the hotels, baths, theatres, libraries and roses – were pushed in cheap prints which could be produced in large numbers. Well-known characters like Martha Quin became folk heroes, commemorated like in wood-engraving and Toby-jug souvenirs. Even so, some sights were not recorded. Despite the unavoidable inclusion of the



The Triumphal Arch which was erected in honour of the arrival of Brighton of William IV and Queen Adelaide in 1830, the year of his coronation. Lithographed by M. Gouci from a drawing by E. Fox. The King and Queen remained regular visitors to Brighton. From *Images of Brighton*, reviewed on this page.

smoking chimneys of the ironworks in nineteenth-century panoramas of the town, there would appear to be only one print of the inside of the factory (and that in a trade directory, as a suitably impressive backdrop for ornamental urns and fireplaces) and none at all of workers' dwellings.

More irritating, for this curator at least, is the sheer lack of imagination exhibited by the majority of printmakers. They tended to flock to the same picturesque viewpoints and rarely stir themselves a few hundred yards to the left or right. For unusual angles and less contrived settings one has to turn to the more adventurous, less formal explorations made in the sketchbooks of watercolour artists. Indeed, the lack of reference to works in other media creates an artificial constraint, not present at the time and less than topographically useful today. Those nineteenth-century enthusiasts who applied themselves to forming collections of London views often commissioned artists to draw for them the bits in between, the views for which satisfactory prints had not been made. In

Twickenham, which provided a haven for Marlow, as well as for Scott and Hudson, John Varley and his pupils, Linnell, Mulready and William Henry Hunt, as well as Turner, the gap is particularly regrettable. Some discussion of these artistic associations and, where necessary, the interrelationship between paintings, watercolours and the prints, would have helped to anchor the latter in a firmer context.

The production of the volumes has improved with experience (evidently to such an extent that the pilot London study on Richmond, of which no mention is made, will eventually be republished in a new version). Both works now have useful maps of the area and the reproduction of the prints is quite adequate for reference purposes. *Images of Brighton* includes a good selection of colour plates. By the time the smarter London suburbs from Barnes to Wimbledon have been covered, and towns from Edinburgh to Eton, may we hope for the contrast afforded by *Images of Manchester*, or Birmingham?

The facility of flamboyance

By Craig Raine

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312pp. White Mouse Editions. £38.
0 904568 288

Fairground Art is a paean to the pleasures of naming. Deliciously technical throughout, crammed with spartan facts and esoteric vocabulary, it is guaranteed to appeal to the Gradgrind in all of us. The Joyce who wrote "Hissed" the Kipling of "McAndrew's Hymn" and "Many Inventions" would have loved it. The rousing words were built up from half-inch, thick yellow pine board twelve inches wide, tongue and grooved together, the top made a little wider to create a domed effect. Top and bottom sweeps were cut to bend and the nosing was made on a spindle moulder. Twelve battens were screwed at intervals through the boards and sweeps. To secure the shape. "Quite. Put like that, you could practically knock together a merry-go-round yourself. Now that you know the nosing should be made on the spindle moulder. No sweat."

As against this real world with its workshop Esperanto, its "inlines, but-lins, drop shadows and shaded brushwork", in Manders' flamboyant language, there is the world of the fair. The fair is a potent symbol of the mass imagination. On wheels, around, overlooking alignments or railway lines, roundabouts gather like the

crowned heads of Europe. Under a perspiration of electric light bulbs lies the gaudy plunder of the popular imagination – an imagination vulgar, rapacious, economically straitened. The fair, unlike the circus, has no real animals so that, although Weedon and Ward gamely discuss horses, say, in terms of realism, the illustrations show us an idealized, heraldic bestiary. The horses have no depth of chest. They are sleek and on page 21 there is a wooden pattern for producing metal castings of horse genitalia. "Apparently the intention was to alternate stallions with mares on 'Savage roundabouts'. However, the gradation of the ride suggested a hot pursuit, so to placate Victorian propriety the stallions were gelded and the pattern put into storage." After this early view towards realism, fantasitification took over and, for instance, horses became centaurs – half beast, half Baden-Powell. Bejewelled like an outbreak of boils, transfixed by gilded skewers, they ceased to be animals and became decorations of greed.

The impression of conception contrasts with the precision of making. The real poetry in this book lies in the painstaking exactitude with which the creative process is described and not in the products of that process. In his Degas, Ian Dunslop reports the following aphorism made by Degas to George Moore: "Among people who understand, words are not necessary. You say hump, ha, ha, and everything has been said." The craftsman who is quoted in *Fairground Art* shares the same unpretentious professionalism. He used just a bit of chalk on these great big roundabout boards – up on the scaffolding – next thing you'd see a

great big fig leaf and a lion." Yet, if this makes it seem easy, Weedon and Ward also pursue the richly technical: "The scenic cars were carved from yellow pine, built up in blocks, shot, glued and later touch nailed both sides with two inch oval nails." One responds here to the chaste precision, whereas the terms of realism, the illustrations show us an idealized, heraldic bestiary. The horses have no depth of chest. They are sleek and on page 21 there is a wooden pattern for producing metal castings of horse genitalia. "Apparently the intention was to alternate stallions with mares on 'Savage roundabouts'. However, the gradation of the ride suggested a hot pursuit, so to placate Victorian propriety the stallions were gelded and the pattern put into storage." After this early view towards realism, fantasitification took over and, for instance, horses became centaurs – half beast, half Baden-Powell. Bejewelled like an outbreak of boils, transfixed by gilded skewers, they ceased to be animals and became decorations of greed.

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Initial inlays

By Graham Reynolds

LILLIAN ARMSTRONG:
Renaissance Miniature Painters and Classical Imagery
The Master of the Putti and his Venetian Workshop
223pp with 152 illustrations. Harvey Miller, £28.
0 905203 24 0

Even the most firmly established art forms can be undermined by technological advances, a familiar instance being the collapse in the demand for portrait miniatures as a direct result of the invention of photography. Perhaps less familiar, but equally decisive, was the effect of the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century on the age-old craft of the illuminated manuscript. When the portrait miniaturist found their livelihood threatened, they had to come to terms with their competitor. They became photographers: photographic images weakly printed on ivory were coloured to resemble the authentic product. With a similar instinct for self-preservation the illuminators of the second half of the fifteenth century sought to combine their skill with that of the printer. Printed books with hand-drawn architectural frontispieces and initial letters were produced alongside decorated manuscripts on vellum and simulated that dying luxury.

In *Renaissance Miniature Painters and Classical Imagery*, a study which explores much new ground, Lillian Armstrong has examined and catalogued the work of two miniaturists, who acted as intermediaries between limning and printing in the heroic days of early book production in Venice, the 1470s and 1480s. Neither artist has an assured identification, and the author treats of them here as 'The Master of the Putti' and his

successor 'The Master of the London Putti'. There is a wider consensus of opinion over the works to be attributed to the Putti Master, and on his differentiation from contemporary artists working in a related Paduan style, such as Marco Zoppo and Franco de' Russi. The oeuvre of the Master of the London Putti is reconstructed from work formerly ascribed to other artists, and from unpublished material, predominantly manuscripts, some of which were made for the Aragonese Court of Naples. Dr Armstrong sums up her discussion by saying that the identification of the master of the London Putti with either Gasparo Romano or Jacometto Veneziano cannot be excluded.

The picture that emerges is of a workshop, or two closely linked workshops, which supplied a number of finely printed books, embellished with decorations designed to transport the mind of the reader into the mood of classical antiquity. The main device by which these masters achieved this was the use of the drawn letters as derived from Roman inscriptions, but are given a three-dimensional look by faceting, as though they were carved in the round; between or behind the strokes of the letters are references to classical themes. As his name suggests, the Master of the Putti frequently depicts naked children, riding on a dolphin, playing a lute, tormenting Pan. An important aspect of Dr Armstrong's examination consists in the identification of the classical origins of such subjects in sarcophagi and other sculptural remains. She traces to their antique sources the legend of Hercules, scenes of sacrifice, the cult of Mercurius, the images of sea-creatures, and emphasizes that the ever-present putto is the survival into the Renaissance of the young God of Love.

The authors to whose texts these decorations were applied included

Cicero, Livy, Martial, Ovid and Pliny. Lillian Armstrong quotes E. F. Goldschmidt's opinion that the owners of these sumptuously produced books, prominent among whom were the Venetian families Piolli and Agostini, did not wish to have illustrated editions of the classics. The relation of the illumination of decorated initial to the printed text was one of general stylistic affinity rather than of specific commentary. Indeed, when one contemplates the balance and design of a *mise-en-page* by the Venetian, Sebastiano Luciani, who in his forties was still so drawn to the great Florentine as to honour him with the tag, 'sine tuo lumine nihil eat homine'. It was appropriate that the first demonstration of Sebastiano's art in Rome, the Farnesina lunettes, should include a 'Fall of Icarus' and no less suitably, a 'Fall of Phaeton'. These uneasy representations of scorched ambition are, as Michael Hirst readily admits, 'something of an embarrassment for the painter's admirers', since the artist has failed to come to terms with the technical and compositional problems posed by the Roman commission.

How far do the shortcomings in Sebastiano's first Roman murals signal a failure in his career as a whole? Not the least virtue of Hirst's book is that he faces this problem squarely and answers it triumphantly. Hirst's acknowledgement of Sebastiano's limitations is balanced by a warm insight into the painter's real merits, which the reader is skilfully persuaded to recognize in part or in whole in the later Roman paintings.

The core of any Sebastiano monograph will lie in his continual struggle to reconcile his Venetian training and his desire to emulate the sublime *disegno* of the Florentine masters working in Rome. The crux of the problem was his remarkable collaboration with Michelangelo. It was remarkable

Michelangelo's man

By Martin Kemp

MICHAEL HIRST:

Sebastiano del Piombo
175pp with 204 black and white pictures. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £35.
0 19 817308 3

Any Renaissance artist who flew too close to the fiery sun of Michelangelo's genius risked scorching his wings. No one flew closer than the expatriate Venetian, Sebastiano Luciani, who in his forties was still so drawn to the great Florentine as to honour him with the tag, 'sine tuo lumine nihil eat homine'. It was appropriate that the first demonstration of Sebastiano's art in Rome, the Farnesina lunettes, should include a 'Fall of Icarus' and no less suitably, a 'Fall of Phaeton'. These uneasy representations of scorched ambition are, as Michael Hirst readily admits, 'something of an embarrassment for the painter's admirers', since the artist has failed to come to terms with the technical and compositional problems posed by the Roman commission.

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able both for its results - the Viterbo 'Pieta' and the Roman 'Flagellation' are works of considerable power - and for the fact that it happened at all. Michelangelo was not someone who suffered fools gladly, and he often reacted comparably to wise men. He was notoriously unwilling to tolerate workshop production methods, yet he provided a series of superb designs for Sebastiano to translate into oil paintings on panel and wall.

Certainly the problems of collaboration were eased for Michelangelo, as Hirst points out, by its being conducted at long range, while the master was in Florence and his amanuensis in Rome. And the first occasion on which Sebastiano tried directly to help Michelangelo with a work of art - his preparation of the wall of the Sistine Chapel for painting with oil colours rather than true fresco - resulted in the older man abruptly severing their relationship. But Michelangelo would not have allowed Sebastiano to carry his standard into battle with the Raphael camp for two decades had he regarded the Venetian as unworthy. Indeed, Hirst makes a case for believing that Michelangelo's designs show him adjusting his own style to take account of Sebastiano's individual qualities. These qualities included not only his native gifts as a dramatic colourist, ranging from velvety sensuality to almost lurid power, but also his bold simplifications of columnar and cubic form.

The proper definition of their relationship has been hindered by the utter failure of Berenson and others to correlate the visual evidence of the drawings with the extensive documentation. Hirst's treatment of the problem, which I find almost totally convincing, builds upon the fundamental contribution of Johannes Wilde's studies of Michelangelo's

drawings. The book is justly dedicated to Wilde, whose room in the Courtauld Institute served for some years as Michael Hirst's base, at a time when the great man was too elderly and frail to use it himself.

Hirst's monograph contains significant elements of classic, Wildean art history: the careful evaluation of documentation (of course), together with the reconstruction of lost works and settings, and the methodical use of the evidence of drawings. To these he adds a more pronounced involvement with patronage and iconography, which, if not ignored by Wilde, were not central to his approach. Hirst's setting of Sebastiano's career and works in the context of Rome before and after the Sack of 1527 adds a welcome dimension, and reflects the gradual broadening of concerns in British art history.

Hirst's approach is not, however, limited to the mechanical application of art-historical methods. He reaffirms the faith of those of us who believe that at the centre of our discipline should be a passion and love for the seen object. He is particularly good on the fruits of the collaboration, writing with urgency, involvement and conviction, only rarely lapsing into jargon: 'Isophrastic heads' is a particularly painful phrase. I entertain some doubts about his extraction of portraiture from the chronological survey of Sebastiano's career, granting it a chapter to itself, but the resulting chapter largely dispels these doubts. The 'colossal' portraits of the 1520s - the imposing 'Albizzi', saturnine 'Andrea Doria' and imperious 'Clement VII' - are finely characterized in this book.

However, when we turn to other aspects of the book's organization, the doubts become more insistent. The greatest problem for the reader, as the author himself well realizes, is the

absence of a catalogue. He attributes this to 'an inadequate interest in provenance' and a reluctance to count copies. Neither of these seem to me to be acceptable excuses. The proper function of a catalogue in a standard monograph of this kind is far broader than the listing of provenances and copies. It embraces the description of condition, using all the up-to-date technical evidence, the full recording of inscriptions, arguing for their reliability or otherwise, full discussion of attribution, dating and content of all the works, together with arguments for rejecting the attribution of commonly accepted works.

We are all too familiar with overblown academic productions and it may seem churlish to criticize an author for compression and succinctness, but the quality of what Hirst does say convinces me that 147 pages of text (157 including appendices) is too meagre a ration. So much has to be passed over when we may be confident that Hirst could have provided valuable support for unargued opinions. A number of the sections have an airless quality. Important and in some cases virtually unknown paintings are squeezed into a corner of the text or footnotes. The sensitive 'Portrait of a Man' in the Manning Collection raises questions of attribution, dating, condition, original format etc, but it receives no more than half a sentence and four lines of footnotes. The lovely 'Wise Virgin' in Washington receives its due in neither the Venetian nor the portraiture chapters. Is it a marriage picture, as suggested by Shapley in the Kress catalogue? Or is it actually a foolish Virgin, a seductress in the tradition of Venetian courtship portraits? Her lamp, after all, seems not to be alight. Has the relief below Andrea Doria yielded all its secrets? Is it a form of pictogram of the kind popular at the

Milanese court? I at least can recognize the A (ancora) and R (rennis) which might suggest that it makes allusion to Doria's Christian name. Is the drawing of 'Clement VII and Charles V' a *moisello* for a propagandist engraving rather than a painting? Hirst's text leads one to believe that he can give convincing answers to such questions, but they are not recorded here.

The present volume is not, therefore, a self-contained Sebastiano reference work. The serious student will need to use it in conjunction with Mauro Lucco's extensive but erratic catalogue in the Rizzoli *L'Opera Completa* series (1980). And he will have to turn to Hirst's review in *Arte Veneta* (1980) for some explanation of why their attributions differ. Hirst's book is not self-contained in another sense too. It takes for granted a good deal of specialist knowledge of the period and of earlier scholarship (especially Wilde's). He assumes that we know why the Windsor drawing of the 'Flagellation' is by Giulio Clovio. He expects us to know what the office of the Piombo involved. He requires us to read his in-text quotations from the Italian sources, not always easy Italian at that.

What I am saying, in essence, is that what the author has provided is so good, let us have more and let him unbend more readily to an educated but unspecialized audience. The reader of this book is likely to be both uplifted and frustrated. Might we hope that Hirst will assuage that frustration in the future?

A 'distillation' of his multi-volume Michelangelo studies, Charles de Tolnay's *Michelangelo: Sculptor, Painter, Architect* (238pp, Princeton University Press, £11.70, 0 691 00337 5) has now appeared in paperback.

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Luca della Robbia

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Sir John Pope-Hennessy's acclaimed study has won the 1981 Mitchell Prize for The History of Art, which is awarded annually for the year's outstanding English Language contribution to art scholarship. The Judges, Professor Michael Jaffe, Professor Michael Kitson and Professor Sydney Freedberg, described the book as 'a masterly and pioneering study and catalogue of the 15th-century sculptor, in which the eye of the connoisseur and the knowledge of the scholar are matched in inimitable fashion.'

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Problems in the pipeline

By Mark Abley

HUGH BRODY:
Maps and Dreams
Indians and the British Columbia
Frontier
297pp. Jill Norman and Hobhouse.
£7.95
0 906908 76 0

"We can't recognize aboriginal rights because no society can be built on historical 'might-have-beens'." The words are Pierre Trudeau's, but they give voice to a sentiment on which the economies of Brazil, Australia, the Soviet Union and many other nations as well as Canada are founded. Implicit in the denial of native rights is a belief that eventually the only choice facing aboriginal societies must be assimilation or death. Such a deterministic view of history imposes its own will on the future. It is that determinism which Hugh Brody's superb book *Maps and Dreams* sets out to undermine.

Its terms of reference are deceptively narrow: a study of the culture and economy of several small groups of Indians living in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in north-eastern British Columbia. Brody spent eighteen months in a Beaver Indian Community in 1978-9, helping to compile a land-use and occupancy study in preparation for the official hearings into the Alaska Pipeline project, whose effect could well be to violate irreparably the traditional cultures of the areas through which it extends. After a few weeks of reticence and unease about Brody's presence on their land, the people began to speak freely. Equally important, for many of the Indians lack fluency in English and Brody never mastered their language; they accepted his watchful participation in the rhythms and routines of daily life.

The result is an impressive act of witness, one of those rare books that transcend classification. Brody is a nomadic author, roving through the territories of social science and literature and venturing occasionally into the domain of history; and he knows full well that his own presence among the Beaver affected the discoveries he made. His work had been commissioned by the Union of British Columbia Indian Chiefs, a fact which may lead some to regard the findings with a sceptical eye. Brody, however, claims that "research done as part of a political process can actually be conducive to the most reliable results." Previous studies of the Athapascan tribes of northern Canada (and, indeed, of many other non-industrial societies) have left great gaps in our understanding of their economic systems and hunting practices, for the Indians are masters of secrecy and have had an interest in maintaining the privacy of their way of life. They have recognized intuitively that knowledge is power. Only now, when their society is faced by permanent dislocation, have they been ready to disclose how it functions.

Central to the Beaver's survival as a people has been an adaptability so great that they have perpetuated a traditional structure of life in spite of at least six generations of contact with white people. Whether fur-trading, farming, ranching, logging or mining, whites have seen this region as a glorious frontier, an empty space, a source of untold wealth. The Indians, while retreating from much of their ancestral territory, have made use of white technology (horses, traps, guns) and molded it to serve a yearly cycle of hunting that remains intact to this day. Even the government's provision of twenty years ago, of permanent housing on the reserves failed to destroy the patterns of seasonal movement.

The Beaver have not, of course, been unaffected by the blandishments of white society. Brody points out that the stereotyped picture of Canadian Indians as idle, violent drunkards is in his basis in their unpredictable behaviour in towns and cities, not in their own community life. (One of the topics he leaves largely unexplored is the power of this image among the Indians themselves.) A group of hunters at work will display none of the fecklessness that the same men might show in

town; they constantly act with assurance, responsibility, and even reverence towards their prey. For hunting continues to provide the people with a livelihood of unsuspected prosperity, and to measure the success of the Beaver solely in the financial terms drawn up by a wage-earning society has been to overlook the basis of their survival. Their supposed poverty and deprivation lie partly in the disapproving eyes of their beholders. In short, Beaver culture is not a "historical might-have-been" but a thriving entity.

The implications for government policy are, or should be, enormous. It is, however, one of the virtues of *Maps and Dreams* that Brody never over-interpret the scenes he chooses to describe. Shortly before the all-important hearing on the reserve to discuss the pipeline project, two hunters discover a bear-den with evidence of a sleeping animal inside. The community is not short of meat – yet the bear would be extremely useful, and such a fine chance for a kill might not occur again for weeks. "Joseph, Atsin, and Sam were arduous: we should go and get the bear right away... It was a perfect day for hunting. Why could we possibly want to spend it listening to talk? What was there to say about the pipeline anyway?" In the event, two of the three decided to stay and attend the only meeting at which they have the chance to affect their future; but the third man goes after the bear. Is this mere innocence on his part, or is it a kind of stupidity? Is it calculated cynicism (for no meeting with Indians is likely to alter the course of a \$35,000,000,000 enterprise) or could it be considered wisdom? The man's action somehow exemplifies what the whole struggle is about, and Brody leaves us to draw our own conclusions.

The Beaver culture has endured not only because of its powers of secrecy and adaptation but because enough territory has remained wild in north-eastern British Columbia to support large populations of deer, moose, bear and other mammals. Indeed, as the region was probably one of the earliest centres of Indian settlement on the continent, animals may have been hunted there continuously for as long as 40,000 years. Because of this sacred attachment of the land, the most powerful hunters have been able to dream "the source of trails, the origin of game... the way to heaven". Or, as the Indians claim, and at the pipeline hearing they unwrapped a dream map of their world for the edification of the officials. The whites were polite and uncomprehending. They had their own charts, their own faith, as "the ubiquitous hope for a continuing economic boom is encapsulated in belief in the limitless northern frontier." The region contains extensive deposits of coal, gas and oil, and work on the pipeline will mean a further opening-up of the wilderness. It is a clash, then, not only of land-use but of ideals. In a rare moment of rhetorical fury, Brody describes the rapacious dreams of developers as the most established carcinoma of the North American imagination.

The quality indicated by the title is mirrored by the book's structure, in which "objective" analyses of the area, its population and its resources alternate with "subjective" descriptions of Brody's life in the Beaver community. The Indians, of course, would recognize no such distinctions between the factual and the impressionistic; their vocabulary does not discriminate between an error of judgment and a lie. Brody recognizes (wisely, I think) that both modes of expression are required to convey a comprehensive vision of Beaver life to our particular culture. It must be said, however, that the evocation of its religious, artistic and sexual behaviour is rather meagre. Perhaps it would have been richer if Brody had spent more time in the company of the women and less among the hunters. For example, the question of spiritual medicine – the Indian counterpart to what we might call faith-healing and black magic – is raised in an early chapter and quickly dropped for good. The mystery lingers. Yet this may reflect a careful strategy on the part of the author not to appease our appetite for exotic novelty. In *Tristes Tropiques*, Lévi-Strauss observed of the

Brazilian Indians that "I can resign myself to understanding the fate which is destroying them; but I refuse to be the dupe of a kind of magic which is still more feeble than their own, and which brandishes before an eager public albums of coloured photographs... Brody is equally unwilling to flatter by means of a gaudy anecdote or image, and because of his vehement refusal to accept whatever destruction the future may bring, *Maps and Dreams* is free of fatalism or nostalgia. Those who experience Athapascan life at first-hand rarely indulge in laments for the "noble savage".

In the end this is a polemical book: Brody the sociologist and Brody the artist unite in an eloquent plea that the Beaver be allowed to retain their land with as little disturbance as possible. The plea extends, by implication, to include all our hunting fathers. These Indians have not given up, and *Maps and Dreams* suggests that their culture

will continue to flourish in north-eastern British Columbia so long as the dreams of white society allow. But the "so long as" is large and may be forlorn. Last year the Canadian press revealed the existence of a private government report which recommended that a recent agreement with native peoples in the Western Arctic be broken at once. The report proposed that an arbitrator be appointed purely as a tactic to "allow industry quick access to lands necessary for exploration and development projects". So much for the good faith of the government of Canada (which has, on the whole, treated aboriginal peoples with less savagery than have many nations); and Indians generally consider provincial administrations to be even more hostile. By a bitter irony the nationalist government of Quebec, which waxes lyrical about the oppression of French-Canadians, has proved viciously racist in its behaviour to the native people of the province.

Brody is enough of a realist to know that local pressures will not halt the Alaska Pipeline, but he does recommend several palliatives to reduce the damage that development will cause the Indians. These include an immediate end to sport hunting in the region by whites. Humble and pragmatic though such a suggestion may appear, it would attack the cherished self-image, the dream of virtue identity, held by tens of thousands of the inhabitants of British Columbia. Brody might as easily revise the map of the continent.

Fortunately, Beaver Indians have become professionals at the art of survival. They have seen our future, and have decided not to join it. "He is saying as long as there is the sun that goes over, that he shall never stop hunting in this country and wherever he likes to do, as long as the sun is still there." They may continue to surprise us all.

Cabined, cribbed, confined

By Nicholas Shakespeare

LUDOVIC KENNEDY (Compiler)
A Book of Sea Journeys
306pp. Collins. £7.95.
0 00 216310 1

Sailing to Singapore in 1947, Vernon Bartlett was accused by a "revolving woman, 'I hear you are writing a book. Won't you please bring me into it?' To get rid of her I promised I would. This paragraph shows that I keep my promises." Ludovic Kennedy is proud not to have listened to those passages of writing crying out for inclusion in his second anthology of travel writing. "Nothing is here because it ought to be; everything because I like it." He is well placed to make such a personal selection, for he served in the Navy and has written about the sea. The result has all the rhythm and variety of a voyage, interweaving as it does the prose accounts of some hundred writers with poems and illustrations. It lacks only what made his *Book of Railway Journeys* so successful, the counterpoint between life inside the train and life outside.

On board ship, Ludovic Kennedy's travellers either share Belloc's regard for the sea as the matrix of creation or believe it best left to the fishes. For the latter, the vessel is an extension of their lives ashore. "It is a long, narrow city," writes Eugenio de Salazar, sailing to Hispaniola in 1573. "It has its streets, open spaces and dwellings. It is encircled by its walls." Each level of society

is represented, all emotions and activities enacted between the migrant quarters and holds ballasted with slaves, and the first-class cabins of Lady Brassey with her maids and shoe-trunks. There is even a manual, *Ocean Notes for Ladies*, which advises them to dress well because bodies washed ashore in good clothes receive respect. And at his table, surrounded by writers, millionaires and aristocrats, sits the captain with jokes for every occasion. They are needed less for the Vanderbilts and Morgans, who so love this mode of travel that they book five years in advance, than for the majority who loathe it. "Whatever you do, whatever folly you commit," warns Anna Buchanan, "never, never be tempted to take a sea voyage."

As the well-regulated eye of Sophie Taylor observes in 1851, "it is not easy to live like this without one's real character being known". The timescale, different from that of a railway journey, allows the identity of Crippen's mistress, disguised as a boy, to be easily revealed; but the quirkiness of Maugham's intolerable know-all, Max Kelada, soon turns to dullness – while on board an oil tanker, Noel Mostert is aware of "the emptiness of real mutual interest that settles upon men who have heard each other too often".

For most passengers under steam, life at sea is very much a below-deck affair. The ocean impinges only during bad weather when there is a lot of meaning at the bar; it is noticed, perhaps, during the final deck-tennis heats, or when there is a particularly fine sunset. These in small boats, by contrast, enjoy a different relationship

with the sea and with their vessels. Flung like corks on the breaking waves, they are at the mercy less of each other than of the elements. The most haunting passage in the book is Ann Davison's description of her husband's death, whereas what emerges from Shackleton's epic of survival for 800 miles in a seven-metre boat, are qualities of leadership, courage and humanity. Stephen Crane finds fictional inspiration in "the subtle brotherhood of men that was established" in such conditions, while Douglas Robertson, rescued by a Japanese crew after thirty-seven days, learns to forgive their countrymen for the atrocities he suffered in the war. For such people, in Longfellow's words, the dim, dark sea "divides and yet unites mankind".

In many ways, Ludovic Kennedy's fallen foul of his own criteria for selection, in that his choices are too arbitrary and selective. He has been tempted to make more divisions than exist between his types of seafarer. The nature of their travels in Part One, "Travellers at Large", is hardly different from Part Two's "A Miscellany of Voyages". Many are too long, and what is gained by the discovery of such writers as Sophie Taylor is lost in the omission of journeys from the ancient world. More irritating is the author's top-heavy inclusion of naval material. In the end, far all the joys of this anthology, one shares the frustration of those told by Admiral Halsey, when the battleship Missouri was used to receive the surrender of the Japanese, that "if ever a day demanded champagne, this was it". All he had on offer was coffee and doughnuts.

Space and Light are the Great Deceivers

Beyond the white houses rising from the hill
Must lie the sea, with its vain repetitions,
Its brackish breathing, its rattling, swishing, its moans;
It fears the lover's stroke, it lies in thrall
To the moon's shrapnel and the sun's command.

The children race the clouds, mock the wind's eye,
Their blood, their tears, draw them, draw them still
To the solemn battering, the melting smoky horizon.
Bladder and fluted shell, blue-spattering wood,
Glug of channels between the rocks, the ribbed sand.

From the white houses rising from the hill
Spire, lurid rocks, blue forests, singing roads
Strath to far hills, white houses, other captives
Of the original tears dropped by the god.

The sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea
Rages within and beyond the mind.

J. M. Cameron

Eating and being eaten

By Helen McNell

The Little Foxes
Victoria Palace Theatre

For Lillian Hellman, there are two kinds of people, those who "eat the earth" and those who "stand around and watch them do it". In *The Little Foxes*, the Hubbard family are the foxes who get all the grapes, and their wives, husbands, servants and employees are what they devour. As the passive audience to predatory capitalism, we too, it is implied, are culpable – and are equally likely to get eaten.

Written in 1939, in full awareness of the coming war with fascism, *The Little Foxes* establishes the origins of the capitalist disease in the nouveau-riches who want to be all or nothing, "a nigger or a millionaire". Born as neither, the Hubbards plot and gorge their way relentlessly towards the ever-receding goal of infinite wealth. Hellman situates her melodrama among the exploiters and limits sardonic criticism to some rather too concise analyses by the Hubbards' black cook; the final version of *The Little Foxes* was achieved after a lot of excision of what Hellman's friend Dashiell Hammett brutally termed "blackmoor chit-chat". As the Hubbards swarm through the parlour, descend upon the laden dining-room table and spend their unearned future gains, we sense the inner history that has bound them in competitive greed but we're not told everything; much of the greatness of *The Little Foxes* lies in its depiction of the visible effect of hidden cause.

By setting *The Little Foxes* in 1900 with the Hubbards siblings in early middle age, Hellman gives us American capitalism in its expansive phase, bursting with the unimpaired energy that even John Dos Passos slightly sentimentalized in *The Forty-second Parallel*. Hellman's special fascination was with mechanisms of power and passivity and, as a result, *The Little Foxes* is probably the only American play which shows convincingly how public ruin is brought about by private greed; and conversely how the terms of family romance are dictated by the mechanisms of capital. Most melodramas

stop when the account book opens, but Hellman shows with perfect ease how factories are financed, how Regina's husband's shares in the Union Pacific railway play a pivotal role in the family's scheme, and how racism is used by the wise southern factory owner as a device to control labour. Moving from public to private, Hellman lets drop that Regina's father left all his money to her brothers; she has lost the ability to enjoy sex except as lure; and her allure in turn only serves her need for still more money and security, which she will extract from the workers whose existence she ignores.

Much recent writing about the interplay of private and public has had to move from self and the obsessions of the self out to manifestations of the world in the semi-public spheres of family and work. This path is being taken only slowly and uncertainly by the current generation of American feminist novelists and poets. Hellman, however, has had to reckon with the opposite dynamic. Her work has had to press itself deliberately towards the private; her most recent writing being her most personal.

In melodrama, evil usually gets its comeuppance in the third act. *The Little Foxes* takes on a familiar look when Horace, Regina's husband, discovers that the slimy Hubbard nephew has stolen his stocks from his safe-deposit box and that there is a plan to marry his darling daughter to the very same cad. But in Hellman's analytic melodrama, it is the vicious who inherit the earth and Regina triumphs. She kills her husband and vanquishes her brothers. Her upright daughter Alexandra rejects her as the final curtain falls, but not before Regina has recognized her own vital rage in her offspring. "Well, you have spirit, after all. I used to think you were all sugar water".

Regina has a life force which finds its expression in exploitation of others. Like many Southern Belles she is a frustrated capitalist. She is a brilliant portrait of female energy distorted by society into moon about as vulnerable as a marble egg. Let us forget, she acts Regina as a verbal and physical pastiche of several film roles, most notably the strident, smouldering Maggie of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

Unreal twins

By Richard Combs

Impostors
ICA Cinema

In the history of cinema, Hollywood, as a mode of production and an approach to life, has been recreated many times in many places. Repeatedly, one of the last places to look for it now is in the suburb of Los Angeles that bears the name. But even more unlikely is that it should be flourishing, on shattering resources, in the work of a New York independent director, Mark Rappaport. This Hollywood-in-exile is in which both decadent extravagance and a penny-pinching budget are casually flaunted. Rappaport uses not just painted backdrops but slides and photographs to suggest the kind of decor one expects in a melodrama. Part of the fun of his films is responding to the suggestion while recognizing how inadequate it is as an illusion. The spectator can never resolve the contradiction between the resources Rappaport is drawing on and the effects he is deploying.

In *The Scenic Route* (1978), this emotional-to-ing and fro-ing was itself the subject, as the spectator was sug-

ged between the ever-multiplying complications of desire and the desire itself of Rappaport's style. But *Impostors* also includes something which can only be called a suggestion of a plot. This revolves round a pair of magicians, posing as twins, who are trying to locate a mythical Egyptian treasure. To this end, they have already murdered many, including a pair of real magicians, seen in some home movie footage in front of the Eiffel Tower (this "French" material having been specially shot for *Impostors*, which in the economics of Rappaport's film-making seems the greatest extravagance of all). The phony twins hope that their latest assistant, Tina (Ellen McEliduff), who has some family connection with Egyptology, will be the next link in their search. She, meanwhile, is being courted by a young admirer, Peter (Peter Evans), who memorizes the dialogue of Hollywood weepies in order to repeat it to the interchangable objects of his affections.

Peter's persona, one part romantic fervour to one part mournful alienation, might be the key to the movie's intent: to see how the heart-wringing certainties of yesterday become modernist enigma. The result is somewhat camp, and deliciously unembarrassed about wearing its symbolism on its sleeve. Note the echoing of red in the flowers Peter

brings to Tina, in her scarf (later a significant item in the undoing of "twins"), and in the suit worn by Tina's female lover. It is also reminiscent of Fassbinder's way with suggestion of a plot. This revolves round a pair of magicians, posing as twins, who are trying to locate a mythical Egyptian treasure. To this end, they have already murdered many, including a pair of real magicians, seen in some home movie footage in front of the Eiffel Tower (this "French" material having been specially shot for *Impostors*, which in the economics of Rappaport's film-making seems the greatest extravagance of all). The phony twins hope that their latest assistant, Tina (Ellen McEliduff), who has some family connection with Egyptology, will be the next link in their search. She, meanwhile, is being courted by a young admirer, Peter (Peter Evans), who memorizes the dialogue of Hollywood weepies in order to repeat it to the interchangable objects of his affections.

They too circles round everybody's romantic obsessions, playing (to Rappaport's words) parts as various as the Three Stooges, Peter Lorre and the Marx Brothers. They are anti-arch-figures whose Egyptian treasure quest involves much rummaging in analogies on the part of Mike (Michael Burg) and gleeful mayhem from Chuckie (Charles Ludlam). In a way, they are outsiders to the hermetic aesthetics and characterization one usually expects from Rappaport, and *Impostors* has raised some eyebrows among his admirers. But there is something wickedly liberating about their squally, squabbling presence. Nabokov would have appreciated the conceit of this put-on twosome who have gobbled up a real pair of twins and seem similarly to be consuming the film's story-line as they pursue their own idiotic parallel version.



Three studies of hands by Carl van Loo to be auctioned by Christie's on March 23.

Elizabeth Taylor, who through an unhappy combination of physical constraint, limited acting range, and (perhaps) over-explicit direction, expresses herself only through sarcastic whines and hieroglyphic hand-gestures. After the initial shock of seeing a once – and perhaps still – beautiful woman turned into a barnacle-encrusted hourglass the visual impression takes on a metaphoric meaning. Regina has been compressed and distorted into mantrousness, and her provocativeness signifies aggression, not availability.

This production is about Elizabeth Taylor eating *The Little Foxes* and about the audience straining back and watching her do it. The London run, sold out before it opened, has just been extended "to satisfy demand". The demand is to see a major film star performing in the solid flesh, subjecting herself to the tender mercies of crush bar and powder room critique. But Taylor doesn't quite make a fool of herself because she knows and responds to the fans' demands. Corseted, hideously bewigged, painted, pressed and embossed into something far beyond the merely human, Miss Taylor seems about as vulnerable as a marble egg. Let us forget, she acts Regina as a verbal and physical pastiche of several film roles, most notably the strident, smouldering Maggie of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

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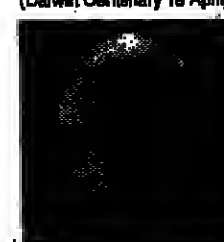
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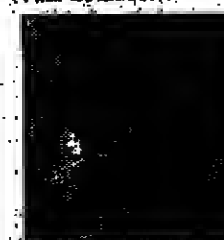
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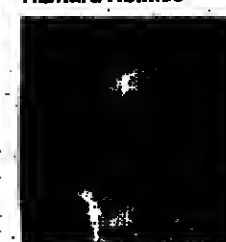
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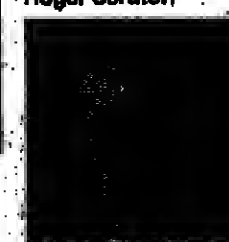
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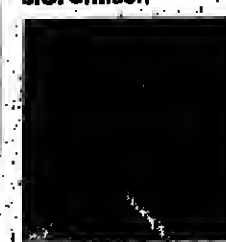
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BODLEY HEAD

commentary

Public-school players

By Harold Hobson

Another Country
Queens's Theatre

Julian Mitchell's *Another Country* is a school play not for children unless accompanied by well-informed, consenting adults. It is not in the least like *The Fifth Form at St Dominic's*, *Eric*, or *Lulu* by Little, or even *Decline and Fall*. When needless sin enters into Dean Farrer's *Eric* I shall never know, because my parents refused to allow the book into the house. Few fathers or mothers today, however, will object to *Another Country*, even though it deals with the love which dare not speak its name. For it is set among the Right People (the shadows of Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, John Cornford and Cyril Connolly hang over it). By telling us that our betters are worse than we are (bullies, hmb-takers and weaklings) it appeals to the snobbery and self-righteousness which is innate in all of us.

It is, happily, much more than this. In fact, it is a very good play, improved almost out of recognition after its transfer from Greenwich. In the few weeks that have passed since then the director, Stuart Burge, and the author, have done work on it that is as impressive as it is unobtrusive. The company now speaks with voices that would have been acceptable in the great public school in which the action takes place in the early 1930s. The character of Tommy Judd (Kenneth Branagh), the harassed devotee of

Karl Marx, has been enlarged and humanized. We now realize more vividly his capacity to appreciate a straight drive as well as statistics of the Manchester poor, and his gentle kindness to a homesick fag. Very properly, Branagh now takes an equal place with the deviant hero, Guy Bennett. Rupert Everett repeats his portrayal of the character - alooply dressed, wildly passionate, quick-witted - which was so highly praised at Greenwich. Finally, Mitchell, by ending his play upon a question mark instead of a bald and hurried assertion, balances a hitherto unassimilated scene with an elegant aesthetic in the second act by setting against it a conclusion that stirs the imagination instead of merely informing it.

The argument of *Another Country* is that the old public schools, by their restrictions on homosexuality, taught their members a technique of concealment, an ability to look like one thing while really being another, that paved the way towards their becoming spies. In the play Bennett has several dangerous moments, and when he is finally and irrevocably caught, Everett's great piercing cry, "I shall never be able to love a woman" rang with a terrified anguish through the theatre. But that was at Greenwich. At the Queen's the hysteria, and the horror have gone from the words. Everett speaks them as a mere statement of fact, and as a *coup de théâtre* something is lost here. But more is gained. The decision to become a spy is no longer suddenly taken. In fact, it may be taken; or it may not.

This is how the vital rectification of the balance of the play is achieved. We



Ruskin's pencil, ink and wash study of a dragon from the exhibition reviewed by Grevel Lindop on the facing page.

are now, in essence, presented with two possible futures for Guy, instead of one, as at Greenwich. At Greenwich the scene of the visiting aesthetic lecturer (most elegantly and insinuatingly played by David William) was very striking, but its point was not at all clear. But at the Queen's (where it is also played by Mr William) it becomes, in its Peterish grace and Swinburnian passion subtly subdued, a portrait of what Guy himself might decline into in the future. Against this possible future an alternative is presented at the very end. Guy, disgraced, and with nothing before him but a life spent in pretending to be what he is not, is talking desultorily with Judd,

when it occurs to him to wonder why Judd is a Communist. He suddenly realizes that the answer lies in emotion, not reason. "You are not a Communist because you read Marx. You read Marx because you are a Communist". He picks up *Kapital*, goes to the opposite side of the room, and sits down to read. After a while he raises his eyes, and looks across the room at Judd. On that last, long, wondering look, in which an idea is beginning to form, the curtain falls, and we do not know whether Guy will become a Burgess or a devoted admirer of pretty boys and the Mone Lisa. But though we do not know, we are passionately concerned.

Parodies and ironies

Paul Driver

The Fires of London
Round House

The last of the Arts Council's Contemporary Music Network tours was launched by Peter Maxwell Davies's group, *The Fires of London*, at the Round House on March 7 with a double bill of expressionistic music-theatre pieces composed in the late 1950s. *Vesali* and *Eight Songs for a Mad King* in succession make up an ambitious and perhaps too demanding evening but they provide rich food for thought.

The works fit together naturally. Both relate a historicist soliloquy - a *Spenser* in *Vesali*, an actor-vocalist in *Eight Songs* - and a small but important allusion to the Renaissance in *A Mad King* in succession make up an ambitious and perhaps too demanding evening but they provide rich food for thought.

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die; he himself at one point plays on a honky-tonk piano. *Eight Songs* places instrumentalists in perspective to represent the birds that the historical George III tried to teach to sing; at the climax the king seizes the violinist's instrument and snaps it. His words are part authentic and part the clever enhancement of Randolph Stow. He should be able to draw the audience into a uniquely compelling interplay of verbal and musical images.

Unfortunately the mad king at the Round House, Michael Rippon, did not do this. His dilution and trivializing of the rampantly complex *Vesali* (the piece was partly an experiment in the production of chords by the voice) together with a staging of scarcely credible ineptitude made

this performance a major disappointment. The role calls for "virtuoso acting ability" and Rippon's is nil. His gesticulation was beside the point; he was funny only at the wrong moments disastrously when breaking the fiddle; he was a pantomime character with a show of funny voices. The staging put all the cages at the rear of the wide arena, leaving most of the space empty and obscuring the essential action. The accompaniments were played without conviction; the bass-drummer at the end of the howling moan with a smirk.

I am glad to say that *Vesali* came across with considerable impact. Mark Wraith's realization of Ian Spink's choreography had force and commitment even if it lacked the

garish violence of previous interpretations. The approach was lyrical, a trifle whimsical; sometimes (in the *Flagellation*) disturbingly redolent of the disco; at other times camp, erotic and cool to surprisingly good effect. The stations of the Cross/*Vesali* figures were only fleetingly suggested; but Mr Wraith at least played the piano. Alexander Baillie's cello playing was searing and brilliant. The ensemble, under John Carewe, failed only in the operation of a tape-recorder in the St Veronica scene. After the tension of this first half it was almost a relief that *Eight Songs* fell flat.

The Contemporary Music Network will be on tour in Leicester, Sheffield and Leeds on March 20, 21 and 22.

The curse of the Atlantic Triangle

By Chinweizu

Trinity
Riverside Studios

In *Man and Soul*, part one of Edgar White's trilogy *Trinity*, performed by the Black Theatre Co-operative, a Moslem (middle-class student from Nigeria (his skull cap, suit and tie are the uniform of his strict puritan upbringing) finds himself in a London police cell together with an unemployed West Indian Rastafarian, welder/pimp (his buttonless red shirt and tight trousers are the uniform of his flamboyant hedonism). Their efforts to get to know each other across a 400-year gulf of cultural and historical separation produces a show of sparks in which are displayed fundamentally different values and outlooks on honour, love, drugs, survival, poverty, music, sex and just about everything else in life.

In *The Case of Dr. Kohn*, a sergeant who has seized power in an unnamed African country inter-

gates a deposed minister on the interlinked corrupt practices of members of his family and his colleagues in public office. Condemned to be shot, the ex-minister grovels for his life, attempts to bang himself, then recovers on the spiritual and material state of his country. By the end of the confrontation, it is clear that the zeal of the reformist sergeant will not be enough to cure the ills of his nation. This clash of zeal and resignation is carried over into *Trinity Generation* in which a West Indian middle-class wife joins her husband who has sold his prosperous business and exiled himself to a shabby room in Shepherd's Bush and a job with London Transport. Exasperated by her husband's incomprehensible behaviour, she asks: "Is this what you got for his self-education? He illustrates the spiritual not among the elites of former colonies."

As an exploration of the consequences of the slave, colonial and post-colonial wars for West Africans and West Indians, both in their own countries and in Britain, in the 1980s

Trinity succeeds in showing that the curse of the Atlantic Triangle which linked the lives and fortunes of West Africa, the West Indies and Britain is active still, and needs to be exorcised. Multiracial theatre groups accustomed to the treatment of the problems and dilemmas of the post-colonial black nations by playwrights such as Wole Soyinka, will appreciate Edgar White's straightforward and entertaining dramatization. His fluency of approach and the brightness of his statement are, I believe, the result of his clear and honest analysis of the post-colonial condition.

Under the direction of Charlie Haeon, the actors give a memorable interpretation of the play. Particularity noteworthy are the performances by Victor Romero Evans, Gordon Case and Decima Francis. *Trinity* can be seen in London at The Cuckoo Theatre (March 23-25), at the Palace Arts Centre from April 1-4, it will transfer to the Midland Arts Centre, Birmingham from May 25-27 and play in Amsterdam for a limited summer season.

commentary

The methods of a modeller

By Nicholas Penny

Michael Rysbrack
City of Bristol Museum and Art Gallery

Michael Rysbrack, the eighteenth-century sculptor, deserves to be honoured, and above all in Bristol where his bronze William III, the finest equestrian statue in Britain, may be seen. This selection of some of his best work (much of it from the West Country), on show until May 1, has a local emphasis but is of national importance. "Gusto grande" - the grace, dignity and authority with which Raphael endowed all those who debate in the Stenza della Segnatura - eloquently advocated by Jonathan Richardson and Joshua Reynolds, and often attempted in vain by English painters, has been frequently achieved by Rysbrack; nowhere more notably than in a terracotta model of a reclining philosopher reading, which has been cleaned for this exhibition. A fascinating X-ray published in the catalogue (204pp, obtainable at the City of Bristol Museum at £4 until May 1; thereafter £8, 0 900199 16 4) reveals how the figure was first modelled in the nude and then clad with the more than ample drapery, the elegant fluency of which does not conceal the articulation of the body or diminish the sense of intellectual power which pervades the pose.

Significantly, it is not clear whether this terracotta represents an ideal figure as a portrait, for in many of his bust portraits and most of his tomb effigies (which commonly recline in this manner) Rysbrack felt free to "disregard all local and temporary ornaments" and give his sitters antique attire and heroic airs. This figure as well as some of the busts of English senators, some of the beautiful drawings made for their tombs, and the reliefs (adapted from engravings of the antique) which he devised to adorn their neo-Palladian halls, shows us how Rysbrack was more profoundly indebted to Rome than any English artist who actually went there. That is until then we recall that

Rysbrack was Flemish. We are reminded of this when we consider his small terracotta portrait of Rubens. Here we have not only drapery, as in the "philosopher", but costume and concentrated thought and an immobile pose are replaced by quick wit and nervous sensibility, curl, flutter and

Looking at these busts we may wonder whether Rysbrack was not in this period really more concerned with the rivalry of the French émigré Roubiliac than with that of Scheemakers. Roubiliac's portraits certainly had more vivacity of expression, more variety of presentation and virtuosity of handling.

museum acting as a custodian of local art in general, climbing ladders in churches, investigating the history of public monuments, and rescuing works from buildings about to be demolished. The catalogue illustrates every work on display and is prefaced by a valuable set of essays including two on Rysbrack's



A model for a reclining figure by Michael Rysbrack. From the exhibition reviewed here.

twist, Rysbrack made this portrait for himself in the period of his temporary fall from favour following the success due more to patriotism and to publicity than to merit) of the statue of Shakespeare by his rival Scheemakers. Privately indulging his own patriotic sentiments, he also made companion portraits of Van Dyck and Duquesnoy; subsequently, someone had the idea of making an edition of coats of them - a crucially important episode in the economic history of art. Full length marble versions were never made, but busts were, and those of Van Dyck and Rubens exhibited here are of breathtaking brilliance.

This is not to say that Rysbrack's interpretations are not vivid, varied and beautifully carved. There is only one odd head in the exhibition - that of King Alfred, an ancient worthy whom it would not be easy to animate. Among the busts on display are several marbles of high quality which had never previously been recorded and a superb terracotta of Edward Colston, the Tory philanthropist whose tomb by Rysbrack and Gibbs in All Saints, Bristol has recently been discovered beneath numerous coats of paint.

The fact that this exhibition has been mounted is a remarkable instance of a

important relationship with his contemporary architects (by Terry Friedman and Malcolm Baker) and a lucid analysis of his methods as a modeller by Mary Greenacre. Every page of the essays and of the catalogue proper, written by Katharine Eustace who has also organized the exhibition, provide some archival discovery, documenting the work of a little known master of the exact date of a commission, and her observations are distinguished by a combination of imaginative speculation and intelligent caution. It is an outstanding contribution to the history of English art.

Drawing what was there

By Grevel Lindop

John Ruskin: Drawings and Watercolours
Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester

Ruskin is being rediscovered, but the renewed interest in his work has yet to make the vital crossing from the academic world to the wider public. This exhibition (which runs until May 3) should play a useful part in the process, for the foundation of Ruskin's enterprise lay not in aesthetic or social theorizing but in looking and drawing - two processes, for Ruskin, virtually inseparable.

Three phases are apparent in the work displayed here. During the 1830s Ruskin was under the influence of popular picturesque artists such as Samuel Prout and David Roberts, whose work is shown alongside Ruskin's early efforts in the same style, all fussy broken lines and wry curves. The healthier influence of Turner, coupled with the tuition of J. D. Harding, who stressed a deeply analytical, naturalistic approach, led Ruskin in the 1840s to an almost mystical belief in the importance of "drawing what was really there".

An extensive selection of his detailed studies of natural objects makes it clear that Ruskin found here at once an aesthetic discipline and a kind of perceptual discipline. Whether drawing a cluster of rhododendron leaves, a quartz-veined rock, a dead bittern or a tussocky patch of grass complicated with Bramble and bristly-trunked, he submitted to the visual discipline of the

object with unrelenting thoroughness. One of the more striking exhibits is a watercolour of a single peacock feather. Significantly Ruskin chooses not a showy tail-feather but a small breast feather, and gives equally precise attention to the colour and curvature of the long blue-green bars, and to the unkempt off-white fluff at the base of the quill.

The architectural studies often show a similar super-realism: the "Borch and Buttress of Abbeville Cathedral" shows the carved stonework and the tufts of weed growing in the cracks of the facade with the same sharpness. Once the subject is chosen, it seems, nothing is privileged, nothing excluded. (The result is not so academic deadness but an extraordinary vitality, enhanced by a readiness to experiment with composition, interestingly, Ruskin welcomed the advent of photography - he claimed to be the first to photograph the Matterhorn - and daguerotypes, producing a series of "cropped" images where buildings or natural features fill the frame, breaking all the rules of "picturesque" composition. As well as finished architectural studies the exhibition includes several sketchbooks with notes and drawings for *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *The Stones of Venice*.)

After 1870 Ruskin's style became expansive and outline is often abandoned in favour of a concentration on patches of dense colour. There are cloud and sunset studies of almost *fauve* brilliance, and "Sunrise Over the Sea" is an intense abstract in red, pink, blues and greens.

Viewing the exhibition, one is

haunted by a word which seems to identify the quality Ruskin sought in the visual realm. The word is "inscape", coined by that ardent Ruskinian, Hopkins. The visions of the two men are strikingly similar, and though the Jesuit could not altogether have approved when Ruskin wrote "To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion all in one", he must have recognized a common experience.

The catalogue of the exhibition, *The Drawings and Watercolours of John Ruskin* (22pp, Whitworth Art Gallery, £1), is available from the Whitworth Art Gallery, University of Manchester, Oxford Road, Manchester M15 6ER.

Fifty years on ...

The TLS of March 17, 1932 carried the following review of Eric Gill's *An Essay on Typography*.

Printing will be a craft, in the old and unromantic sense of the word, as long as its apprentices are universally bound by indenture for seven years. . . . The printer's craft, whose very jargon is centuries old, remains conservative for the best of reasons. Letters are themselves conventions. You do not change horses while crossing the stream, and since the fifteenth century, when the messenger of civilization went from foot to horseback, printing has never had time to alter what impatient readers agree to call legibility.

But the meaning of "craft" has broadened and been diffused in recent years, perhaps because of its archaism. Craft as handicraft, and prefaced by "art and . . ." sounds more familiar to the layman than "craft and mystery," which connotes not only technical skill but experience. Art is everybody's subject, because it affects the universal physical senses without much dependence on the intellect, and so today we have a considerable body of work of the

and . . . How

New Oxford Books:
HistoryThe Concise
Dictionary of
National Biography
1901-1970

This concise twentieth-century DNB includes a short biography of more than 6,000 outstanding British men and women from all walks of life who died between 1 January 1901 and 31 December 1970. The lives cover the whole range of British achievement in the first seven decades of the twentieth century, and the book serves as a useful Who was Who from the death of Queen Victoria to the death of Churchill. This volume replaces *The Concise DNB 1901-1950*. £17.50

For the Cause
of Truth

Radicalism in London
1796-1821
J. Ann Hone

This study concerns the efforts of one part of one generation to change the world for the better. It shows that radicalism was of a much richer texture, and the radicals more flexible and pragmatic in their choices of associates and strategies than most historians of the period have allowed. From this study of London the author draws conclusions on the nature of metropolitan radicalism during these years which have a more general significance. £18.50

Oxford Historical Monographs

The Canary Islands
after the Conquest

The Making of a Colonial
Society in the Early Sixteenth
Century
Felipe Fernandez-Armesto

This book portrays the life, work, and institutions of an early Atlantic colonial society. It is a significant contribution to the comparative study of European overseas colonization in the late middle ages and early modern period. The Canaries are particularly important in this connection, and are seen not only to have a place in a long history of formation and development of colonial societies and government, but also to present unique features, moulded by the peculiarities of the Canarian history and environment. £19.50

Oxford Historical Monographs

Commonwealth
to Protectorate

Austin Woolrych

The events of 1653 are treated in this book as a turning-point in the history of the English Revolution. It is about England's transition from a republic, dedicated to the proposition that supreme authority belonged by right exclusively to the sovereign people's elected representatives, to a quasi-monarchy, based on a written constitution which sought to separate and to balance the executive and legislative powers. £22.50

Transforming
Russia and China

William G. Rosenberg
and Marilyn B. Young

This is a fascinating study of the two great revolutions of the twentieth century. The approach is both chronological and comparative: the authors concentrate on the distinguishing characteristics of the Russian and Chinese experience during the same time period. £19.95

paperback £4.95
Oxford University Press

مكتبة الأصل

to the editor

Resistance Writers

Sir, - Richard Koffler (Letters, February 26) complains that my review of James D. Wilkinson's *The Intellectual Resistance in Europe* (January 15) displays my "lack of familiarity" with the subject. He first offers a gratuitous correction of the following sentence in my review, "It is hard to be impressed by the poetry of German émigrés who submitted mournfully to Hitler as if he were a force of nature. . . ." The correction? For the word "German" I should have substituted "inner". Now it is true that, had I received a proof of my review before it appeared, I would have changed the phrase as Koffler recommends. But Koffler must surely have been able to read the paragraph in which the offending term was embedded. The paragraph discusses exclusively the resistance within Germany, its subject is stated only two sentences before the one "corrected" by Koffler, as follows: "To speak . . . of inner emigration, of silent resistance, is to acknowledge that political action is not always a viable option. . . ." Surely Koffler knew exactly what I was describing, and knew as well that others would.

Koffler concedes my obvious familiarity with the primary French sources, but he obviously does not know that I have done a great deal to promote the serious study of the German émigré phenomenon. More than ten years ago, in fact, Schocken Books published my book, *The Legacy of the German Refugee Intellectuals*, a collection of papers that, according to Martin Jay, George Steiner and other scholars, was critically important in opening up the subject to English-speaking scholars.

Koffler's objections to my treatment of the Italian Resistance are similarly lame. I argued that the important Italian Resistance writers are not as widely read or discussed in the English-speaking countries as their counterparts in France or Germany. Koffler disagrees, for what reason I cannot say. An examination of the American *Books in Print* indicates that relatively few works by Pavese and Vittorini are generally available here. The very important resistance novel by Vittorini to which James Wilkinson devotes much attention in his fine book, namely *Uomini e donne*, has never been translated into English, just as I contended in my review.

Koffler also claims to be correcting me in stating that Vittorini's review, *Il Politecnico*, "could not have been launched to resist fascism" because "it was born and died during the immediate postwar period". But nothing in my review or in Mr. Wilkinson's book can possibly have suggested that the fascism to be resisted was any longer actively present in the person of Mussolini or his army. My review describes the debates promoted in Vittorini's journal as debates carried on "with no definite end in view", precisely because Mussolini had been removed and the anti-fascist opposition found itself without a clearly defined common enemy. Again, Koffler wilfully misunderstands what is perfectly clear.

Author, Author

Competitor No. 62
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than April 9. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed to the Editor, Times Literary Supplement, PO Box 7, Now Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ. The solution and results will appear on April 16.

1 Brahms, for all his grumbling and grizzling, had never guessed what it

Finally, Koffler disputes the fact - and it is a fact - that Togliatti's *Rinascita* criticized Vittorini's journal "for nurturing open debate". Why? Because "neither journal was published clandestinely". But, of course, clandestinity has nothing whatever to do with the case. *Il Politecnico* was criticized by *Rinascita* because Vittorini wished in his journal to debate priorities, while Togliatti's Communists wanted it to establish a coherent ideological position and to exclude anything that looked like backsliding aestheticism or, God forbid, uncertainty. My review compares the hostilities to the sectarian quarrels that split the American Left in the 1930s, and it is hard to imagine what so betrayed Koffler into the irrelevance of his "refutation".

ROBERT BOYERS,
Salmagundi, Skidmore College,
Saratoga Springs, NY 12866.

'Tess'

Sir, - Tess and Alec are not "fighting the fire", as your caption to Hubert Herkomer's illustration (March 5) for *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (not *D'Urbervilles*, as you have it) states. The incident illustrated appears in Chapter 30 of the novel, when Tess is joined by Alec while she digs in the family allotment-plot in Marlott, where she has returned on learning of her mother's illness. The flames in the picture come from heaps of burning garden refuse.

In the novel *Tess* sees Alec through the flames. Ignoring Hardy's description of Tess's dress, Herkomer has placed the two figures side by side to make the most of Alec's expression of lustful glee and Tess's fearful recoil; but these melodramatic terms scarcely match Hardy's intention. The flames, the pronged forks (not spades, as illustrated), the use of the word "fiend", which precedes Alec's appearance, perhaps prompt the suggestion that Alec has returned to tempt Tess as Satan tempted Eve. But Alec tempts her with money, not love; and Tess is not afraid of him.

IAN MILLIGAN,
9 Chapel Place, Dollar, Clackmannanshire, Scotland.

E. E. Cummings

Sir, - John Bayloy's interesting review (March 5) of two new E. E. Cummings publications is surprising in its uninformative about the content of the books themselves. He gives no indication of how the two-volume *Complete Poems* published by Granada compares with MacGibbon and Kee's 1968 edition - also called *Complete Poems*, also in two volumes, but starting from 1913 rather than 1910 and costing three guineas in those earlier times. There is also no assessment of Richard S. Kennedy's contribution to Cummings' biography compared with earlier, more discreet sources, although this can be presumed to be substantial. But not substantial enough for Professor Bayloy who amazingly asserts: "The facts about Cummings' life . . . have no relation to the poet and his poetry."

PETER DICKINSON,
University of Keele, Keele, Staffordshire ST5 5BG.

Islamic Theology

Sir, - It is not an easy task to review a work of scholarship which was first published in 1910 and which has reigned since then as an acknowledged masterpiece. In reviewing (February 5) *Introduction to Islamic Theology and Law*, the new English translation by Andras and Ruth Hamori of Goldziher's *Vorlesungen über den Islam*, F. W. Zimmermann chose - very naturally - to direct his critical weapons against the translations, the very brief introduction and the additional notes, intended to provide the reader with some minimal guidance to the subsequent development and discussions of the topics examined in the book. I read the review with some sadness. Mr. Zimmermann, I am informed, is a specialist in Islamic philosophy, and it might have been useful to have the benefit of his comments on some of the many points where Goldziher's book, and therefore the annotations, touch on philosophical issues. Instead, Mr. Zimmermann preferred to limit his discussion of the notes to a few general and subjective observations which - borrowing his own style of evaluation and explication - one might describe as sometimes peevish, sometimes ebullient, and to concern himself primarily with the two or three pages of introduction in which I tried to situate the man and his book in the evolution of Islamic studies in Europe.

We are - it would seem - agreed that Goldziher was a great scholar, the *Vorlesungen* a great book, and that both are part of a great academic tradition which needs to be defended, though we appear to differ on the source and nature of the attack and the proper manner of defence.

What apparently annoys Mr. Zimmermann most is my attempt to anticipate and answer some of the criticisms which might be levelled against the book at this time. Indeed, anticipate is hardly the word, since I was dealing not with hypothetical future comments but with points raised by readers when the project of translating the *Vorlesungen* was first mooted. Mr. Zimmermann finds such a defence unnecessary and even - in some obscure way - offensive. Goldziher, like the rest of us, was a child of his time and place, and much has changed since then in the standards, conventions, and even the courtesies of scholarship, as Mr. Zimmermann's own manner of reviewing eloquently attests. Mr. Zimmermann must have led a very sheltered, indeed a protected life if he is not aware that orientalists of Goldziher's school, and especially of his persuasion, have been harshly criticized in recent years, not least for their alleged disregard of Muslim values and sensitivities. Scholars have been excoriated for using turns of phrase that are far less objectionable by present-day standards, then those which were normal for Goldziher and his contemporaries. In bringing the *Vorlesungen* from the tranquillity of 1910 to the hurly-burly of 1981, and from the inaccessibility of Goldziher's German to the universality of modern English, we were exposing the book and its author to a generation of readers for whom, so it seemed, some explanation might be helpful. After all, much that was normal then is offensive now; the converse, as Mr. Zimmermann would surely recognize, is also true.

BERNARD LEWIS,
Princeton University, Program in Near Eastern Studies, Jones Hall, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

An Arundel Tomb

Sir, - With regard to Philip Larkin's and Neil Andrew's understandable acceptance of the poignant private gesture on an Arundel tomb (Commentary, March 12) assuming that the tomb in question is that in the north aisle of the nave at Chichester where Richard Fitzalan and his wife lie with "the bands touchingly joined" (Pevsner and Nairn, *Buildings of England*, Sussex, 1965), Canon Lowther Clarke subsequently wrote to Sir Nikolaus, apparently after looking at earlier gravings, to say that the hands of the effigies are quite separate and were joined only in 1844 by a restoring sculptor, Edward Richardson. The couple are to be illustrated in the forthcoming Pevsner's *Cathedrals* as an example of the early Victorian approach to restoration. "Ecclesiastical renovators", as Kate Flint says, have indeed "remoulded the original fabric" of many things.

PRISCILLA METCALF,
37 Gainsborough House, Erasmus Street, London SW1.

Among this week's contributors

KERIN ANDREWS is Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the National Gallery of Scotland. His books include *Adam Elsheimer*, 1977.

DAVID ANFAM teaches the History of American Painting at the Courtauld Institute, London.

JOHN BARNARD is the editor of *John Keats: The Complete Poems*, 1973.

R. H. BARNES is the author of *Kedong: a Study of the Collective Thought of an Eastern Indonesian People*, 1974.

DAVID BINOMAN's *Hogarth* was published last year.

T. J. BRYSON is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

A. R. BIRLEY's books include *Marcus Aurelius*, 1966, and *Septimius Severus*, 1971.

ANTHONY BLUNT's *Guide to Borghese Rome* will be published shortly. He is completing a monograph on the architectural oeuvre of Pietro da Cortona.

BRUCE BOUCHER is a lecturer in the History of Art at University College London.

NORMAN BRAYON is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. His *Word and Image* was published earlier this year and has been awarded the CINO prize for Art History.

CHUNWEI ZHANG is associate editor of the African literary journal *Okike*. He is co-author of *Toward the Decolonization of African Literature*, 1980.

PAUL DRIVER is writing a book on Peter Maxwell Davies.

P. P. DUNCAN-JONES is the author of *The Economy of the Roman Empire: Quantitative Studies*, reissued this year.

MARY EDOMO is a contributor to the *Burlington Magazine*. She is writing a book on Nicholas Hilliard and Isaac Oliver.

ing a book on Nicholas Hilliard and Isaac Oliver.

ECKART FÖRSTER is a lecturer in Philosophy at Balliol College, Oxford.

JOHN GARDNER's edition of *The Collected Correspondence of J. M. W. Turner* appeared in 1980.

JOHN HALE is Professor of Italian at University College London.

PAUL HAMILTON is a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

HUGH HONOUR's books include *Chénier*, 1974.

MARTIN KEMP's *Leonardo da Vinci: the Movement of Nature and Man* was published last year and has been awarded the Mitchell Prize for the best first work in English on the History of Art.

GREVILLE LINCOLN's *The Optimist Estate*, a biography of De Quincey, was published last year.

DAVID LOWENTHAL is Professor of Geography at University College London.

HELEN McNEIL teaches English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia.

ADAM MARS-JONES's collection of stories *Longman Lectures* was published last year.

REDMOND O'HANLON has contributed essays on Charles Darwin to *Dorothy 100 Years On*, edited by Roger Chapman, which will be published later this year, and *The Darwinian Heritage: A Centennial Retrospect*, edited by David Kohn, to be published in 1983.

JULIO POTRERO is a lecturer in Economic History at the 'London School' of Economics.

S. S. PRAVVA's books include *Colgar's Children: The Film as Tale of*

Terror, 1973. His *Heine's Jewish Comedy* will be published later this year.

THOMAS PUTTFARKEN is Reader in the History of Art at the University of Essex.

CRAIG RAINE's most recent collection of poems, *A Free Translusion*, was published last year.

GRAHAM REYNOLDS's books include *A Concise History of Watercolour Paintings*, 1972.

JOHN ROE is a lecturer in English at the University of York.

JOSEPH RYKWERF's books include *The First Moderns: the Architects of the Eighteenth Century*, 1980.

LORNA SAGE teaches English at the University of East Anglia.

RAMAN SELOEN is Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Durham. His *English Verse 1590-1765* was published in 1978.

HUGH SETON-WATSON is Professor of Russian History at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London. His books include *The "Sick Heart" of Modern Europe*, 1976.

PAUL TAYLOR is a lecturer in English at Balliol College, Oxford.

NEIL TENNANT is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Stirling. His *Natural Logic* was published in 1978.

T. O. TREAGLOW is a lecturer in English at the Southampton Institute of Higher Education.

D. C. WARR is Professor of International History at the London School of Economics.

ANDREW WRIGHT's *Anthony Trollope: Dream and Art* will be published later this year.

A child of dubious origin

By Stephen Gill

D. H. LAWRENCE:
The Lost Girl
Edited by John Worthen
426pp. Cambridge University Press.
£25 (paperback, £7.95).
0 521 22263 X

With *The Rainbow* banned and *Women in Love* proving difficult to place, D. H. Lawrence determined to write something "quite fit for Maudsley". The novel, which he insisted was "quite amusing", "meant to be comic - but not satire", was *The Lost Girl* and it now appears for the first time in a text cleansed of the errors and alterations caused by the haste of its composition and the anxieties over its publication in 1920.

John Worthen's edition is something to be very grateful for, as is the Cambridge series of which it is a part. Most British readers will think the annotation too heavy and I, for one, am going to hate giving up my battered Penguin for texts of the novels printed with marginal line numbers, but the best must be made, for evidence has been accumulating that, however loved the old texts may be, they are not to be trusted. Scholars such as Mark Kinkadee-Weekes, Mark Schorer, Keith Cushman and Charles Ross have shown what complexities are concealed in the received texts of the novels and short stories and how significant were both Lawrence's habits of composition and continual revisions of manuscripts and proof, and his often long-range struggles with generally fair-minded but anxious publishers.

Worthen's introduction is an admirable account of what all this means in the case of - for Lawrence - not unusually complex text. After *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence clearly felt uncomfortable about his direction. A novel "purely of the common people" was abandoned, as was an autobiographical project. A first person narrative, "Elsa Culverwell" (printed as an appendix in this volume), was also set aside but it did lead into a work which gripped him. "The Insurrection of Miss Houghton". When that story was well advanced, it too was abandoned as "too improper". In favour of an "absolutely impeccable" novel certain to find favour. Ironically the new story became "The Sisters" and eventually *The Rainbow* whose banning established Lawrence in the popular mind as a writer of dirty books.

Seven years later in Sicily Lawrence recovered the manuscript of "The Insurrection" and in a burst of composition completed *The Lost Girl*, not as a seducer-and-pastorale new work. But now, just when he was hoping for trouble-free publication and the speedy receipt of some cash, complications began. The manuscript went to Martin Secker, and the top copy typewritten to the United States, the carbon being retained for Lawrence's own use. Inevitably he revised it, but sent the revised copy not to Secker but to an agent, who thought he might be able to arrange serialization in a magazine. Some corrections were sent separately to Secker, who then passed his manuscript to the printers to speed up publication. The fully corrected carbon was not seen by Secker until the novel was in proof, and it was too late. Lawrence, who entered in corrections at that stage, now Mrs. Grundy interdicted, Lawrence was quite mistaken in thinking the novel "quite fit for Maudsley". To satisfy the libraries, alterations had to be made after advance copy had gone out, which produced such confusion at the printers and blunders that no less than four states of the first edition exist. Worthen concludes that the first state of the English first edition reflects the author's intentions most clearly, but that even that embodies decisions about the text taken outside Lawrence's control. For this edition, therefore, he has established the text from the manuscript and from the first state of the first edition where Lawrence's corrections to the now lost carbon copy are preserved, and the last name of the hero is, as he wanted it, to be.

America but, although awarded the James Tait Black prize, it won little regard at home. It is not difficult to see why. *The Westminster Gazette's* comment, "The *Lost Girl* was a child of dubious origin . . . as if Mr. Lawrence's Muse had mated with Mr. Arnold Bennett or with Mr. Compton Mackenzie, or with both" was shrewd, but shrewder still was Virginia Woolf's "It is either a postscript or a prelude".

In 1912 Lawrence had promised, "I shall do my work for women, better than the suffrage" and had begun a novel whose heroine, Elsa Culverwell, clearly prefigures Ursula in her declaration "My mother made a failure of her life. I am making a success of mine." What was in "The Insurrection of Miss Houghton" cannot be known, but much of what one must assume was present is surely visible in the splendid opening chapters of *The Lost Girl*. Alvin Houghton is one of the legion of "odd women", buried in a provincial town and bounded on every side by the constraints of middle-class life. Lawrence writes with great command as he depicts both the world of Manchester House and the wider social order which assumes that Alvin's sole task is to find a husband and counters her wish for independence by continual reminders of what is expected of someone of her sex and class.

In *The Rainbow* Ursula's growth, her "coming into being", involves a struggle away from the security of family, lover or husband, even from a career deemed suitable for women, and as *The Lost Girl* progresses it becomes clear that only lapsing resignedly into death, like Mrs. Houghton, or actual flight can save Alvin from the death-in-life of Woodhouse. But the Lawrence of 1920 was not the man who explored the material of *The Sisters* with such creative excitement. As many voices testify in Norman Page's recent *Interviews and Recollections*, Lawrence was consumed during the war years by horror and impotent fury, by a sense of isolation made more acute by the banning of *The Rainbow* and by a growing conviction that the "older world is done for, toppling on top of us; and that it's no use the men looking to the women for salvation, nor the women looking to sensuous satisfaction for their fulfilment. There must be a new world." The iron rein falling on Europe, where no Atatürk breasted the waters, confirmed his view that the last processes of reduction were taking place within the mind of Christian civilization. The river of dissolution was in spate. What the new world would be could not be known, as long as the disintegration continued - but it could not be built on the old way of love and denial of the darker forces

of the cosmos. When Richard Somers in *Kangaroo* wants to be "clear of love, and pity, and hate. To be alone from it all. To cut himself finally clear from the last encircling arm of the octopus humanity. To turn to the old dark Gods, who had waited so long in the outer dark" his creator stood with him, in expectation.

The effect of these years of anguish on *The Lost Girl* is all too plain. The "questing soul" that drove Ursula Brangwen is still lodged in Alvin Houghton, but whereas Ursula is tempered in the fire of wide and painful experience, Alvin is depicted as finding some sort of solution in submission to the male, in moving "towards reunion with the dark half of humanity". In practice this means rejecting, rightly, the suitors Woodhouse presents - but for what? At the end of the novel, Alvin from a remote and inhospitable place, to a largely uninhabitable house which she has to struggle to render decent, to a world in which she cannot communicate with others, with a husband who will not talk to her about anything that matters. Her identity is threatened. This is a typical passage.

Making a violent effort she sat up. The silence of Cicero in her bed was as horrible as the rest of the night. She had a horror of him also. What

would she do, where should she flee? She was lost - lost - lost utterly. The knowledge sank into her like ice. Then deliberately she got out of bed, and went across to him. He was horrible and frightening, but he was warm. She felt his power and his warmth invade her and extinguish her. The mad and desperate passion that was in him sent her completely unconscious again, completely unconscious.

One does not have to be Kate Millett to find the oppositions here between identity and unconsciousness, horror and power, troubling. And what is so odd is that it is impossible to be certain, from the text, what Lawrence's attitude to Alvin's plight was. "Quite monstrous" or "rather comic" the novel certainly is. As Lawrence wrote to Compton Mackenzie, it is "all set across a distance", too much so to carry the imaginative and emotional impact of *Sons and Lovers* or *The Rainbow*. But the story is too fully realized, on the other hand, for too schlemmie reading appropriate to some of the short stories to satisfy. It is a postscript to the earlier explorations of the possibilities of human familial and sexual relationships and a prelude to the embodiment of more recalcitrant themes which was to reach its nadir in *The Plumed Serpent*.

Poor old Bert

By Patricia Craig

G. H. NEVILLE:
A Memoir of D. H. Lawrence: The Betrayal
Edited by Carl Baron.
208pp. Cambridge University Press.
£18.
0 521 24097 2

D. H. Lawrence's early life has been quite extensively documented. In his own works as well as in the recollections of friends, George Henry Neville was among the earliest to set out his impressions of the novelist. The gist of his *Memoir* is contained in a letter he wrote to the *London Mercury* (printed in March 1931). What really got him going, though, was the publication of John Middleton Murry's 1931 study of Lawrence, *Son of Woman*. It is in a mood of utter repudiation that he tackles his own project, contradicting almost every one of Murry's assertions about his subject's background. Neville's purpose is to draw attention to "a sweeter Lawrence than has yet been presented", an aim in which he is helped by the fact that his own association with the novelist lapsed after 1912. Lawrence before - the "threefold rage caused by his illness, Frieda, and the war" overlook him: this is the character Neville attempts to pin down.

There are various complications involved in the undertaking. Neville himself is one of Lawrence's characters: according to Jessie Chambers (another of the early group of Nottingham friends), "Gerold Crichton [in *Women in Love*] is . . . a development of Leslie Tompest in *The White Peacock* and . . . the character of the latter was founded in the first instance on D.H.L.'s school-friend, G. H. Neville". Other commentators, of course, have seen in Gerold Crichton a version of Middleton Murry, with Katherine Mansfield as Gudrun Brangwen; and Neville certainly preferred to find traces of himself in George Sexton, the young farmer in *The White Peacock* (who actually, if it is necessary to pursue the uncertain connections between life and art, bears a closer resemblance to Jessie Chambers's brother Alan). In the memoir, he

impeccable as he would have us suppose. He is very hot, for instance, on the obligations of parents, so it's with some amusement that we learn of his own fathering of an illegitimate child and subsequent indifference to its welfare (a circumstance that pained Lawrence, on the evidence of Jessie Chambers's account of the affair). Lawrence's uncompleted comic novel *Mr Noon* gives a picture of Neville as a lecherous school-master (in real life he was always getting into trouble over women, and on one occasion was actually borsewhipped by an enraged father); yet, in the *Memoir*, Neville presents himself in the guise of a bluff, no-nonsense clergyman or schoolmaster, very like those envisaged by Marie Corelli or Ernest Raymond, even to the point of regarding "fritsde talks" on sexual matters for his senior pupils, "often quite deliberately 'pulling a spade a spade'". Of behaviour of which he disapproves, he says that it is not cricket.

One of his aims is to set the record straight about the Lawrences' family life. Everyone is familiar with the image of the collier father, all coarseness and pit-dirt, and the refined and ambitious mother, somewhat coyly nicknamed the Little Woman. Lawrence's parents were not at all like this. Neville assures us - and then proceeds to recollect some incidents which seem to indicate that they were. He gives himself away all the time. When he calls Lawrence fragile we know he means puny. But he is also out to reinstate Lawrence to his home town as an author of sensitive rather than aleutic works (we feel he would not have approved of Wyndham Lewis's playful comment on *Women in Love*:

Neville claims a great deal of credit for his perfect understanding of the correct way to behave in any situation, not to speak of his highly developed moral sense; what makes the memoir especially entertaining (apart from its extraordinary naïveté) is the information contained in Carl Baron's introduction, to the effect that Neville's standard of behaviour was not so

Tidying up

Hear the shots at dawn.
Multiple murders are taking place
Of a sensible kind.
The calling of the door.

Animals seen limping.
May not walk again.
Animals which falter and fall
Need not apply to rise.

In principle I approve of this principle.
Such neatness and utility. Why can't we practice it?

My head itches where the metal would enter.

Connie Bensley

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The Birds

I come back to the students' shabby cloakroom,
To listen to the birds. Their nest is out of sight;
Leaning from windows, in the cool, comes over
The high dusk crying. Sparrows? no, too sweet.
Starlings? I would not think so. Swallows, yes.
I watch the brown hill shrink. I hear
Sea in their voices, continents of heat.

Alison Brackenbury



Going Home

1 East

These bamboo chairs are pale and booy,
a skeleton's embrace. Dozy
with suoshino I turn, seeing the history
of Europe in the room behind me - equipped for
battle: a chain-mail sock, a row
of broadsword hang in the wardrobe door.
And I wonder if your Buddha's hands surrender
or are held like a punished scholar,
ignorant of these pasts that oow we share.

You come complaining of a fall, one
brulaa orbiting into darkness, our own
planet shaded through umhar from saffron
and we share the pain. I am sure
we have found a language without the immature
cacophony of new lovers, here in the body's true
language, the way my little's rest
upon you, your ear a D along whose crest
my tongue traces the despoiling S.

You push away my glasses and where
this modern town had been is now old Asia,
discreet through veined paper:
we would share it as goldfish immersed in
our unique atmosphere. When
I twist my pad its lines are rain
by Hokosai refreshing 'peasants at noon
while one hand rakes your hair into the Zen
conceptual of the furrowed, silent garden.

2 West

Your photographs will exploit
my childhood's English monochrome,
using rain
to gloss these sad cobbled alleys
into glistening champagne
poured from the cooling-tower's
grey cascade. Politely Oriental.

you say you like the seedy caharet:
this chorus-line
of gentries with its crude
Forties chic, catching crates
in a snood.
But the abandoned car only yawn
and lounge about

beside an old man's garden.
His vanilla cabbages
repeat themselves over and over while
he gazes upon a word. Perhaps tonight
his teeth will smile,
as speech-bubbles rise,
empty in their aquarium but we

pass on. Leaving the Halal butcher
blatantly bandaged,
his brains asleep in their tray
and his kidneys spread like speech-marks
enclosing nothing, driving us away,
South to where our cultures merge
somewhere among happier silences.

David Sweetman

Bank Holiday Gifts

1
On the green bahled us
the fair has been set out like Christmas parcels

- all the heavy, adult playthings,
so predictable, so enticing.

We sip our last half-hour,
bitter as blood, and, catching

our breaths, take back
the fleshly gifts, still wrapped.

2
Children, with much practise
at belog disappointed,

know the trick and turn it
on each other: "Give us your haad"

means a Chinese Burn
or, at best, an apple core.

3

At dusk a star-spoked wheel,
immense and vertical,

will glitter over London
to joy-ride hearts into mouths;

the dodgers ape all kinds of lawlessness,
and oddly-flighted darts

win a sick goldfish, that,
parversely, decides to live.

Carol Rumens



Pastoral

Liners in the twilight
Dragged out by pilot-hosts
Like grant Christmas-trees of light;
Falmouth's white boom of bloom,
Shirt of wave-shock woven of light
Air and water and sounding,
A bell of rock and water;
And it is a feast on the sea,
The grant wedding-cakes of light
Stending off in the plazas
Of harbour, the birds
Hunting like cats
In the syrupy light
And the fish hunted,

Those rigs spilllog with light
Like pine-trees filled with lights
Filled with rich oily fish;
Crammed with finned bauhies and light;
The gulls like burst pillows
In the spraying wake
The sailors swearing awake
Who sing in their sleep:
Salt-cracks and the heeding iron;
The lean seaworn land
Lined with creamy fat
Of rich ocean of fish.
Like coagulated light;
The cities with their searchlights
Tumbling down slowly,
All afloat, beams wheeling
Over the horizon feathered
With cities boiling the waves;
Now the city of light
Roars from the East,
Planting his gifts
High in the sky, his
White orchards of rain, his
Fish like finned fields of silver wheat.

Peter Redgrove

After the secret revolution

By Tim Hilton

JOHN RUSSELL:
The Meanings of Modern Art
300pp. Thames and Hudson. £18.
0 500 233357

Among the many things that one can learn from this large, affable book is some information about its author. John Russell's acquaintance with modern art has been at first hand. He learnt about Klimt, for instance, and his portrayal of "a certain kind of European womanhood" in Vienna before the war; became acquainted with the masters of the School of Paris in "visits beyond number" to that city (it is good that his own book on Braque is in his bibliography); knew Henry Moore when he could barely keep himself in stone and wood; was persuaded of the importance of Russian revolutionary art in Moscow and Leningrad; realized, when reading *The Catcher in the Rye* on its day of publication in 1951, that there would have to be a new attitude to popular culture. (Russell would indeed become a champion of Pop Art) and finally left England to settle in America some seven or eight years ago.

It is to an American public that *The Meanings of Modern Art* is addressed. But its inspiration, we are told, is in a rather old-fashioned English source. John Russell has wished to write a book like Lytton Strachey's *Landmarks of French Literature*, Bertrand Russell's *Our Knowledge of the External World* and Maurice Baring's *An Outline of Russian Literature*. Such books are not randomly chosen. They belong to a special, well-remembered type: one read them before university entrance. They were assured presentations of humane learning that could be read with pleasure by tyro and specialist alike. Perhaps not everyone will agree that modern art naturally lends itself to a similar treatment. But

John Russell is an experienced commentator, and he has given us a book that relates the main movements of our century (mentioning hundreds of artists on the way, from Manet to Frank Stella and Nancy Graves) with much ease and a remarkable freedom from contention.

That may be because he is so clear that the battle of modern art has been for its acceptance. He feels that queues outside Van Gogh exhibitions are a cheerful sign that, at last, the painter has touched human hearts as he intended. This is plainly mistaken, and it is not the only way in which Van Gogh refuses to fall into Russell's scheme of things. *The Meanings of Modern Art* begins, for instance, with an account of a "secret revolution" undertaken by Van Gogh, Gauguin and Cézanne, three post-impressionists who inaugurated an unappreciated avant-garde culture.

Russell has taken this phrase from a letter of Van Gogh's (who had just been reading Tolstoy) in which the artist had predicted that the nature of man might soon change, just as the old political order must surely fall. A number of aesthetic, social and political questions are therefore announced. But John Russell does not separate or discuss them: he is on to the next artist in his story. And it is usually not possible, in *The Meanings of Modern Art*, to find that any such problem is discussed as a "meaning" of any painting or sculpture.

Despite its title, this is not a philosophical book, and it is best to read it for the signs of Russell's own pleasure in art. Unlike too many critics, he gives himself to paintings that he likes. Whenever he talks of the way that, for instance, Degas "matched palest lilac against salmon pink... and set up a sharp apple green against the black of a glove", or describes Bonnard, Matisse, or even De Kooning, one feels the satisfaction of his appreciation. There are

many others about whom he writes eloquently (and a book of this scope must characterize many dozens of artists), but such painters call forth his most convincing prose. I suppose that this kind of luxurious figure painting (new, not argumentative, not too tonal) was a staple of Russell's diet in the years when his taste was formed. It has given him an attraction to the palpable, to hedonism in domesticity, and a liking for modern painting that is done in an atmosphere of friendship. Not least, that painting has blessed him with an unaffected love of colour.

Had he given himself more fully to such pleasures this book might have been closer to Russell's undidactic heart. But he has chosen to write as an art historian, and includes a number of pages that will make other students of the modern period uneasy. He is a little too inclined, for instance, to write in terms of dramatic moments of discovery, "break-throughs" and revelations, the rejection of the values of the Academy, or the art school, or the bourgeois. Art that preceded innovation is often wrongly assumed to be formulaic. Thus, "for more than four hundred years perspective had been the painter's automatic pilot" until Cézanne realized that "it would have to go". Such exaggerations (a downright untruth, in this case) may be hard to avoid when one is eager to tell the story of modern art in a rapid and vivid manner. But were he not intent on telling a story, Russell might not only have avoided such a statement but might have used recent art to illuminate former art, instead of telling us, as he so often does, that something "anticipates" or "foreshadows" art of later date. It would have been one way of writing as a critic.

A case in point is his bold declaration that "between 1890 and 1905 the emancipation of colour was completed". He is referring to Matisse's Fauvism. But of course we have

since known art that has greatly modified the view that all that could be "emancipated" in colour was accomplished in those years. Were there not ways in which colour field painting of the 1950s and 1960s (by reason of its size, abstraction and so on) did things with colour that were simply not available to the earlier movement?

Here is a matter which we might justifiably expect Russell to discuss in the role of critic as well as that of art historian. We might also expect him to be up to date. He knows that in the art schools (which he maligns - but they are where today's criticism really takes place) young painters argue that colour painting of this sort - Morris Louis's art stands for it - has indeed been "completed". They will say that, however great Louis's achievements, he was a "terminal" painter, one from whom there is little to be gained in practical nourishment. They will point to the paradox that all that one can take from this magnificent colourist is his drawing or layout, since his palette progressed from a recognizably personal one in the "Velis" to something like the absence of a palette in the "Unfurleds", his best paintings. They would say that today's ambitious colourist must look for inspiration to painters who used mixed or broken colours in a high key, probably in oil, not acrylic. It is odd that the models for such new painting might be in just those artists John Russell likes best. But his book does not feel contemporary. Now that new art needs to choose most decisively what old art it admires (its sources are "pluralistic"), to use the language of current criticism) Russell's appreciativeness seems, to say the least, unfocused.

The chapter divisions of *The Meanings of Modern Art* derive from its original part-publication by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Such a method of making and issuing an art

book can have great advantages: the paste-up is likely to come first. The design becomes more visual, and the colour plates have to be distributed in a lively and varied way. *The Meanings of Modern Art* has many beguiling spreads and sequences, especially in the sections that deal with the Blaue Reiter, Synthetic Cubism, and the early days of Abstract Expressionism. Sometimes the scale of the illustrations is deceptive, but we must regard this as inevitable. More drawings would have been welcome. If the sculpture is made a little dull, and Pop Art overemphasized, then that is the fault of the text as much as of the design, which in general is excellent. But the divisions of the initial publication have necessarily enforced self-enclosed essays on the author, and this must have led to some difficulties in the writing. Just as he is too abrupt in some parts of his narrative, John Russell rather slides through some periods and countries. The essay or chapter on "History as Nightmare" brings together Munch, Kirchner, Klimt and Beckmann. This is then contrasted with "Reality Reassembled" which describes early Cubism. "A World Remodelled" manages to associate the De Stijl artists, Mondrian, Chagall, Russian revolutionary art and Léger.

However, this method cannot manage the tricky period just before the First World War. When Russell has to trace the dispersal of Synthetic Cubism, the brief but significant appearance of Orphism, the rise of Futurism and Dada and the questioning, probing contributions to Parisian art from Germany and Eastern Europe he needs to resort to a stratagem. He attempts to bring this disparate and sometimes contradictory art together through the figure of Apollinaire, whose "cosmopolitan eye" we are invited to admire. It is of course true that Apollinaire knew artists from all these camps, and

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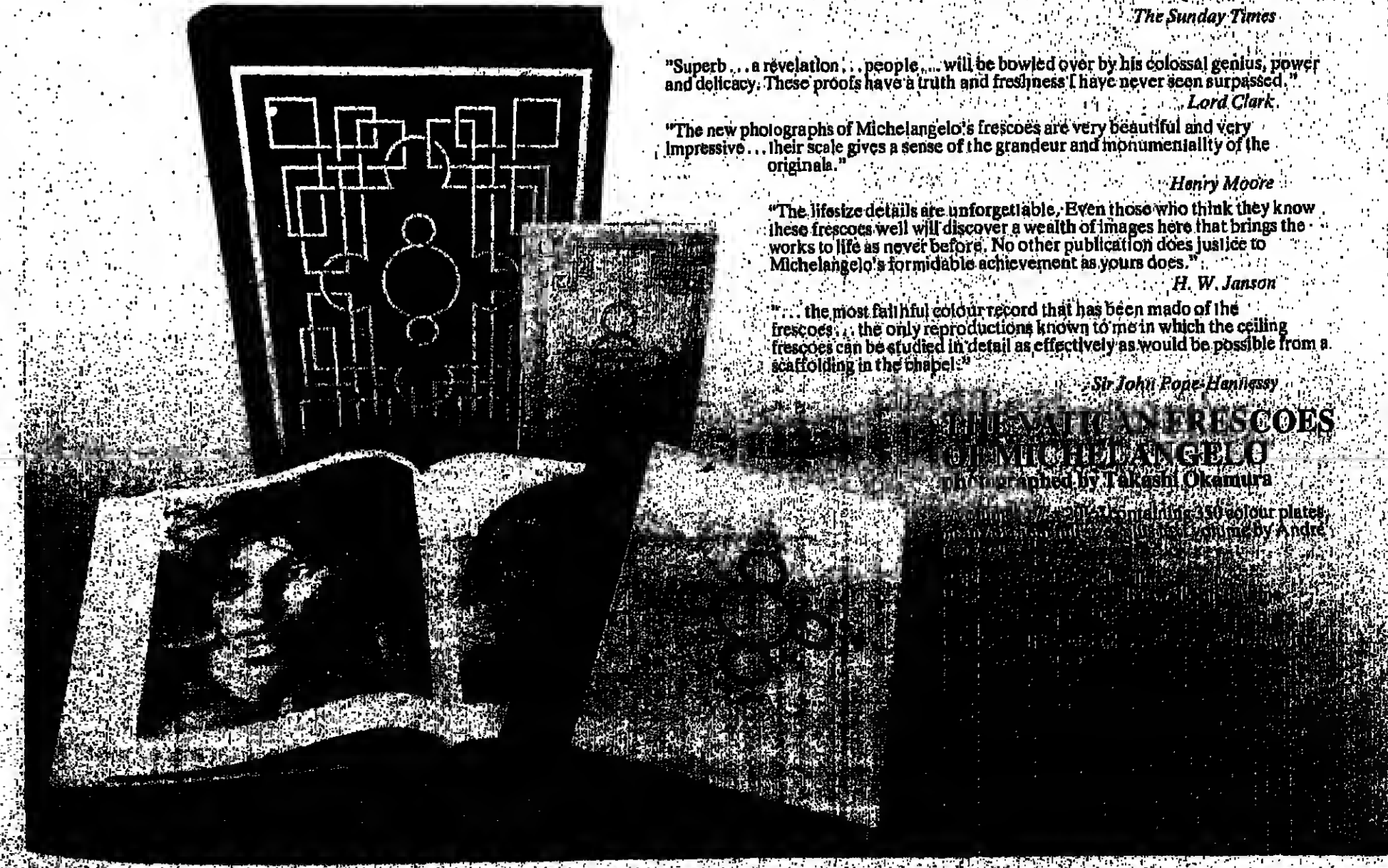
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THE VATICAN FREScoes
OF MICHELANGELO

photographed by Takeshi Okamura

Illustrated by Takeshi Okamura
Introduction by André Chastel



Our friend Anthony

By Andrew Wright

N. JOHN HALL (Editor):
The Trollope Critics
348pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 333 26298 0

CORAL LANSBURY:
The Reasonable Man
Trollope's Legal Fiction
327pp. Princeton University Press.
£10.80.
0 691 06457 1

To mark the centenary of Trollope's death this year, John Hall has put together a collection of essays on his work by twenty of his most acute critics, ranging from Henry James' funeral piece to an excerpt from a book published as recently as 1978. Presented in chronological order, the essays form a history of the fortunes of Trollope from his death to the present day.

It is possible to imagine, though somewhat faintly, how this volume might be regarded on the occasion of the bicentenary, a no doubt well December in 2082, the archaeologist of anthropological-sociological-linguistic inclinations paving his way through the rubble left after the latest and last world war, discovering an unravaged copy of *The Trollope Critics*. Trained in the latest scientific methods, which bear a curious relationship to those of one Hareale Poirat (whose inventor's play would doubtless still be running in a tent on the site of the St Martin's Theatre), our investigator might formulate such questions as the following: he examined his treasure - and came up with contradictory answers. Is Trollope a master of his craft? Yes (Gordon Ray, C. P. Snow); no (Bradford A. Booth, Lord David Cecil, Michael Sadleir). Is his focus on society, or the individual? Society (J. Hillis Miller, Chauncey Brewster Tinker); the individual (A. O. J. Cockshut, David Skilton). Is he a realist? Yes (Gordon Ray, C. P. Snow); no (Ruth Roberts, James Glinfin). Is he a stylist? Yes (Gerald Warner Bracc, Frederick Harrison); no (James Kincaid, O'Connor). Is he a political novelist? Yes (John Halperin); no (Booth). Does he accept the mid-Victorian world view? Yes (Bracc, Cecil, Ker, Sadleir); no (apRoberts, O'Connor).

Having gone so far, our hypothetical investigator might be pardoned for throwing up his hands in despair, but he would be wrong to yield to this temptation. A second look at *The Trollope Critics* would make him come to somewhat less disconcerting conclusions. For he would discover that, though there is no discernible progressive refinement of critical technique in the period, 1882-1978, some advances have been made. For instance, the narrator in Trollope's novels is now seen not as fully intrusive but as integral. Moreover, when there appear to be contradictions in the claims put forward, some of these can be understood in larger terms as complementary. This Skilton's argument that the narrator contributes to the sense of actuality in the novels by giving instruction on the way in which the narrative is to be understood, is not really the opposite of Kincaid's argument that the narrator constantly draws a distinction between art and life, for Skilton and Kincaid are each making an ultimate claim about the representation of reality in the novels, though each is writing from a different standpoint.

Thus, as they may still be saying in 2082, is the good news. The bad news is that the inescapable subjectivity of literary criticism is laid bare in the contradictory judgments set forth, for instance by Glinfin and Hillis Miller on *Alice's Angel*. And one is driven in the conclusion, which is not so bad after all, that the quality of any literary criticism is a reflection, to echo James, of the quality of the mind of its producer. Some critics, even those reprinted here, are better than others.

ing in the footsteps of R. C. Terry. Hall presents a history of Trollope's posthumous reputation somewhat different from that set forth by Sadleir in his *Trollope: A Commentary* (1927). According to Terry - and Hall has filled in the picture considerably - Trollope did not suffer the deep neglect in the decades after his death that Sadleir supposed he did. If Sadleir was right, he was only half right: critically, Trollope was mauled for many years, but he was widely read, his books being re-issued in battalions even in the 1880s and 1890s. He was also praised by discriminating critics throughout this period of supposed slump.

But "the Trollope problem", which made itself felt in his own lifetime and which has been stated and restated by his critics, friendly and otherwise, seems further from a solution than it ought to be. This is a perhaps melancholy way of putting the point that advances in Trollope criticism are fewer than one might hope for. And it is hard to decide whether the influence of James' essay, later revised and reprinted in *Partial Portraits* (1888), has somewhat hobbled subsequent criticism by its very forcefulness, by its convincing deployment of evidence, above all by its air of regretfulness that Trollope was not Henry James.

It is a pity that Hall does not choose to indicate the direction of James' revisions of the essay for *Partial Portraits*, because they show that he hardened his position. In 1883 Trollope's great, his inestimable merit was a complete appreciation of reality; five years later the praise becomes faint and even ironic: for "reality" James substituted "the usual". Still, even after the qualifications, James' judgment remains among the most discriminatingly affirmative available. What Trollope critics do not always fully appreciate is James' stance and even mood as a critic; his strongest praise is seldom free from subacid modification or balancing stricture, and in the letters which he wrote to his contemporaries, even to friends to whom he was devoted such as Stevenson and Edith Wharton, he did not resist saying what he thought by way of criticism of their work, though he was capable of swathing such opinions in many layers of innuendo.

"The Trollope problem" has been put in a number of ways, and it is instructive to consider James' formulation. In doing so one must proceed partly by inference and partly by conflating a number of the statements in his essay: how can a man who has no sense of his craft, who has the bad taste to interfere as narrator in the telling of his tales, who lacks "doctrinal richness", who is uneven as a writer and far too prolific, who has no sense of history - how can such a man succeed so well in delineating the individual conscience as in Septimus Harding. In achieving the refinement of critical technique in the period, 1882-1978, some advances have been made. For instance, the narrator in Trollope's novels is now seen not as fully intrusive but as integral. Moreover, when there appear to be contradictions in the claims put forward, some of these can be understood in larger terms as complementary. This Skilton's argument that the narrator contributes to the sense of actuality in the novels by giving instruction on the way in which the narrative is to be understood, is not really the opposite of Kincaid's argument that the narrator constantly draws a distinction between art and life, for Skilton and Kincaid are each making an ultimate claim about the representation of reality in the novels, though each is writing from a different standpoint.

Thus, as they may still be saying in 2082, is the good news. The bad news is that the inescapable subjectivity of literary criticism is laid bare in the contradictory judgments set forth, for instance by Glinfin and Hillis Miller on *Alice's Angel*. And one is driven in the conclusion, which is not so bad after all, that the quality of any literary criticism is a reflection, to echo James, of the quality of the mind of its producer. Some critics, even those reprinted here, are better than others.

contemporaries is mainly negative; he did not make their mistakes; and his style reveals a "weakness of imagination". Even Tinker's broadly sympathetic essay, first published in the *Yale Review* in 1947, has its air of super-civilization ("perhaps no higher praise can be given than to call him companionable").

Then, as if stepping under the cold tap in the shower bath, the readers of Hall's collection are stirred by the bracing heterodoxy of A. G. J. Cockshut, whose powerfully argued study of Trollope, published in 1955, proved a turning-point. Since then a number of critics (James Glinfin, Bradford Booth, J. Hillis Miller, Gordon Ray, David Skilton, C. P. Snow, John Halperin, James Kincaid among them) have helped to make a strong case for Trollope. All of them are represented in John Hall's book, which ends on an affirmative note with an extract from Juliet McMaster's *Trollope's Pollster Novels* (1978).

Now Coral Lansbury, in her full-length study, *The Reasonable Man: Trollope's Legal Fiction*, has also made an original and welcome contribution to the understanding of Trollope, though like not a few others she has bitten off more than is readily chewable. Her well-argued and economically written book is divided into equal parts, the first being given over to an exposition of a hypothesis suggested by though not proposed in C. P. Snow's book. Lansbury makes a convincing case that in the seven years during which he copied documents at St Martin's-le-Grand Trollope became proficient in writing reports about the legal model developed by Sir Francis Freeling. In the *Autobiography*,

phy, Trollope railed against the slavery of this youthful employment at the General Post Office, but it did enable him to set out facts in a context of thinking that the world was congenial to him. For he prepared his reports on the supposition that the world was coherent, that problems were solvable, and that men were reasonable. Not that he himself was so optimistic - the reverse, rather; but this made for a *modus scribendi*. When Trollope learnt to put the desperate daydreams of his boyhood and youth into the framework he had acquired at the Grand, he was able to produce the unique amalgam which bears his signature.

To see the novels organized in the light of Trollope's immersion in the Freeling form of report is to see them anew and better, especially such works as *Orley Farm* and *Mr Scarborough's Family*, which turn on legalities. Lansbury argues, with much persuasiveness, that the travel books, which she reads with care and profit, occupy a middle ground between the official reports and the novels, an attractive way of putting these several voluminous works into the total picture. Of great interest likewise is her analysis of Trollope's biographical works.

Her chapter on Trollope's language, "devoid of unnecessary ornament and designed to 'persuade, not to impress'", sometimes claims too much, but there is a basic rightness about it. For instance, she observes that dialogues in the novels sometimes take the form of cross-examinations, even outside the courtroom and even outside other usual contexts in which contestation takes place. But I wonder whether it can be demonstrated that it is

"because Trollope recognizes the power of narrative that his feelings toward it are so ambivalent, because he appreciates its capacity to undermine the dominance of character".

In the second half of her book, Lansbury tries to deal with too many novels and does her cause somewhat disadvantageously. She gets herself hung up on a taxonomic hook. She wants to think of each of Trollope's novels as being organized in one of three ways: the single transaction with the single plot; the single transaction ramified by the introduction of one or more underplots; and the extended multiple transaction, i.e. the development analogically into a wider frame such as *Barchin-shire*.

This is a complicated way of putting something which can be much more simply described. It is also to take up the matter which Gordon Ray has dealt with so authoritatively in the essay reprinted in the Hall collection. Lansbury appears not to have taken Ray's findings into account, and that is a pity. She gets herself into more deep water as she tries to relate Trollope's characterization of women to certain feminist interests of her own. That Trollope was a man of his time is indicated by nothing so much as his conventional opinions about the role of women; that his actual and often unconventional findings were at odds with his opinions is indicated by the characterization of, for instance, Lady Laura Kennedy, Lady Mabel Grey, and - most notably - Lady Glencora Palliser. But *The Reasonable Man* has much explanatory value and takes its place among the works with which readers of Trollope will want to become acquainted.

DRAMA

HARRY WILLIAM PEDICORD and
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The Plays of David Garrick
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Soswell records an exchange over dinner between Garrick and Johnson about the journey to London made by the actor and his former schoolmaster:

... Johnson humorously ascertaining the chronology of something, expressed himself thus: 'that [1773] was the year when I came to London with two-pence halfpenny in my pocket.' Garrick overhearing him, exclaimed, 'eh? what do you say? with two-pence halfpenny?' - JOHNSON, 'Why yes; when I came with two-pence halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three halfpence in thine.'

That hopeful but inauspicious beginning and the actor's subsequent rise from obscurity to fame, with "a nation to admire him every night", are the stuff of legend. But Garrick knew the transitory nature of his profession. In 1776 he wrote, "... he who struts his hour upon the stage / Can scarce extend his fame for half an age".

Although paintings, engravings and eye-witness accounts have preserved a clear and detailed description of his acting powers and style, Garrick's actual stage presence can only be a ghostly simulacrum. His most obvious memorials are the Garrick Club and the Stratford Shakespeare Industry. But present-day London clubland has little to do with the vigorous informal conversation of Johnson's Club or with Garrick's efforts to establish the social acceptability of actors, and the heavily subsidized Royal Shakespeare Company contrasts sharply with the commercial theatre run by Garrick.

Twentieth-century theatre historians, with a dedication equalling Garrick's own worship of Shakespeare, are completing a monument to the unrelenting industry and shrewd professionalism which underpinned Garrick's preeminence as manager and actor. The three-volume edition of his correspondence, Kalman A. Burnim's *David Garrick Director*, and the recent biography by George M. Karl and George Winchester Stone are now to be joined by a six-volume edition of Garrick's original dramatic works and adaptations. The first two volumes contain all the original works and adaptations of Shakespeare which can be authenticated. Yet to come are Garrick's versions of plays by Jonson, Vanbrugh, Southerne and others for the eighteenth-century stage.

This is the first attempt since 1798 to establish the canon and to publish an edition of Garrick's theatrical writings. It is an ambitious and considerable task, facing many difficulties over authentication, choice of text, and effective presentation. The editors, Harry William Pedicord and Frederick Louis Bergmann, have done their job well, providing modernized texts and full commentaries giving the theatrical, autobiographical and literary background. It is now possible to follow Garrick's career as a dramatist and Shakespearean adaptor.

While none of the "original" farces, entertainments or plays are likely to become permanent additions to the modern repertoire, all are eminently efficient dramatic vehicles. Their value lies in what they reveal about Garrick's "sensibility" and his approach to the London audience of his day, and in the way their limitations explain the timeless appeal held by Shakespeare for Garrick and his audience. The plays

values exhibits sprightly clarity and professional facility coupled with an attachment to morality and sense. Sensibly, the editors say that this gallimaufry of theatrical entertainments must "be read in the light of his total career as actor, producer, director, manager, playwright, critic and social lion".

Garrick was a great actor, whose managerial choices had a key influence on the direction taken by eighteenth-century theatre, but no great playwright. He shrewdness enabled him to answer public taste with striking success. He wrote four of the century's most popular after-pieces, *Leithe* (remarkably, his first work, acted in 1740), *The Lying Vole* (1741), *Horquin's Invasion* (1759) and *The Jubilee* (1769). Frequently, no doubt out of haste but also because his conservative audience liked old pieces reworked, Garrick found inspiration in earlier plays. *Leithe* borrows its central idea and character from Vanbrugh's *Aesop* (1697), *The Lying Vole* follows the second act of Molière's *The Newly* (1665) based on a play by Hauteroche. *Leithe* in her turn (1747) is a lively but still close adaptation of Dancoeur with borrowings from Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, *The Guardian* (1759) shifts B.C. Fagan's *La Pucelle* to England and invigorates it in the process, and *A Peep behind the Curtain* (1767) is one of many descendants of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*. While Garrick makes this material his own (though the editors pass over the troublesome distinctions between translation, free translation, adaptation and original play), his source is as much literature as life (he found a character taking of his "fretful porcupine my wife").

Even when exposing the fashionable gambling and idiosyncies of the "Daffodils" in *The Male-Comique* (1757) he is, in his editors' words, "successfully original". With a disarming but inaccurate enthusiasm, they also call it a "miniature of manners" and Garrick a "master of manners comedy in the Restoration mode". But Garrick's two act "farces", designed to support the main-piece, were necessarily too brief to allow for any real development of theme or character. Even the highly effective *Don Quixote*, or *High Life Above Stars*, which firmly attacks mercenary marriages and the false sophistication of townlife, depends on modifying the asstringency of Vanbrugh and Hogarth with Fielding's generosity - the stability of public taste and the finally derivative nature of the comedy are indicated by its composition in 1756-57 and its performance, received with acclaim, in 1775.

Garrick's single full-scale comedy, *The Clandestine Marriage* (1766), was written in collaboration with George Colman (the editorial discussion of the tangled question of the extent of Garrick's participation is exemplary). It cost the co-authors two years and much pain. Written with the strengths of particular actors in mind, a neatly turned plot places Lovewell, a kinsman of Lord Ogley's, in the household of Mr Sterling, as the businessman's factotum secretly married to his daughter. Lord Ogley starts as a promisingly brutish and self-gratifying monster. However, in the deconstruction Lord Ogley turns up trumps, and Lovewell, poor but gentlemanly, triumphs over his merchant father-in-law. It is essentially a version of pastoral, dependent upon socially conservative attitudes while using the sexual structures developed earlier in Steele's comedies.

Although there is a real justification in Garrick's often-repeated claim that he wrote moral and realistic comedy, both his video and his morality are limited. When Boswell said that Johnson's analogy on Garrick ended with an "anti-climax of praise" ("Is not harmless pleasure very tame?"), Johnson replied, "Nay, Sir, harmless pleasure is the highest virtue. Pleasure is a word of dubious import; pleasure is in general dangerous and pernicious to virtue; to be able to furnish pleasure that is harmless, pleasure pure and unalloyed, is as great a power as man can possess." Johnson inclusively catches

Bottled for public taste

By John Barnard

audience's and his own taste. Faced with the gross disregard of the unities in *The Winter's Tale* and the very un-Enlightenment manners of *The Taming of the Shrew*, Garrick salvaged both plays for his audience by creating three-act versions of them. These quickly became an attractive double bill. *Katherine and Petruchio*, first acted in 1754, cuts out the Christopher Sly matter in the Induction, does away with the wager, eliminates much of the bawdy and many of the puns, end interweaves scenes from different acts, thus condensing Shakespeare's comedy into a fast-moving farce. In Thomas Davies' words, "The loppings from the luxuriant tree of the old poet were not only judicious but necessary to preserve the pristine trunk." When performed in 1756 along with the three-act *Fortin and Perdita*, which cuts out the embarrasments of the sixteen-year time-gap and the man-devouring bear by the simple expedient of giving the whole of Shakespeare's first three acts in an opening retrospective speech, Drury Lane was presented with a neatly contrasted and various Shakespearean evening. A farcical courtship, putting the woman in her place, was set against the pathetic and spectacle of young lovers in "A Dramatic Pastoral", with the added attraction of Garrick's performance as Leontes.

An immediate reaction to this kind of re-telling might well echo the response of Garrick's long-standing enemy, Theophilus Cibber, who called *Fortin and Perdita* a "hasty Flash, or Hotch-potch". Garrick's modern editors reply by citing G. C. D. Odell: "We who sit self-righteously enjoying Verdi's Falstaff or Othello should not be too hard on Garrick, or the contemporary critics who did not wholly condemn him." But creating major operatic or musical works from Shakespeare (and the editors might have cited Berlioz, Tchaikovsky and Britten in addition to Verdi), is another matter. In my case, Garrick's two operas were supported by second-rate music. Garrick's alterations do not transpose Shakespeare to another medium, but create viable vehicles for a specific company, and a particular audience.

There is another reason why automatic condemnation is misplaced. Then, as now, Shakespeare's works were common dramatic property. The twentieth century has seen both a renewed scholarly concern with the establishment of Shakespeare's text and an unprecedented freedom with that text on the stage and elsewhere. The BBC or RSC may seek advice from Shakespearean scholars, but we can also see productions or adaptations as various as those of Grson Welles, Derek Jarman, Peter Brook, *Leontes* acted by a cast of five, and Glendag's one-man tour *de force*. But even if it were not for the invention of cinema and television, modern theatre is essentially pluralist both in its aesthetic approach and its financial structure. In Garrick's London two major companies dominated serious theatre, and at Drury Lane Garrick was the definitive Hamlet of his period.

Garrick's pre-emptive, as his editors insist, did allow him to return more original Shakespeare to the theatre than any of his predecessors, yet the hegemony of the London stage meant that the split between stage and printed text was a together more powerful than in contemporary theatre. Garrick's was usually the most faithful version of Shakespeare that could be seen acted by his audiences. On the other hand, fuller texts, which had always been available, not only became more easily available but, through the textual work of Stevens, Warburton, Capell and Johnson among others, more faithful. Hence the division between Shakespeare on the stage and the Shakespeare read to the "elocut" was actually deeper than it is today. Garrick's interpretations of a part, and his alterations of the plays themselves, had an authority now unthinkable.

The tragedies which he altered for Drury Lane show the extent, and limitations, of his restoration of Shakespeare. Broadly, Garrick brings

can (where he is not misled by eighteenth-century emendations such as "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I"), subject to certain restraints: "obscenity" and quibbles are minimized, the neoclassical antipathy to mixed plots and offences against the unities remains in force, and there is a preference for pathos and for set-piece final speeches in place of the often terse speciality of Shakespearean tragedy. Garrick's *Macbeth* still excludes the Porter, is embarrassed by the witches, and gives the hero a dying speech. In the case of *Romeo and Juliet* Garrick kept more of the rhymes than had been customary, cut suggestive language, added a masquerade to Act I and retained the Otway-Cibber dénouement, in which the dying Romeo recovers for a final pathetic exchange with Juliet. As is well known, Garrick's *Lear* follows Tate in having a happy ending, cutting out the Fool, and bringing together Cordelia and Edgar. On the other hand, much Tate is cut and its place taken by Shakespeare.

These alterations were meant to create a powerful part for Garrick and to restore what he thought possible of Shakespeare's words without departing too radically from contemporary notions of dramatic propriety. There is no real attempt to make Shakespeare our contemporary. What Garrick and his audience found in Shakespeare's tragedies was a strength of passion and a power of language denied contemporary drama. Johnson's "just representations of general nature" were what attracted Garrick and his public. Disfigured as his *Lear* now seems, Garrick's interpretation departed from the tradition of Betterton and Booth by attacking the idea that old age was a subject for comedy rather than tragedy. As Pedicord and Bergmann say, "He felt he needed to present *Lear* as violent as well as weak, as kindly as well as pathetic." Acting in his own version of the play, Garrick made a fuller *Lear* comprehensible to his generation.

However, Garrick cannot be seen simply as an innovator held back by the limitations of contemporary taste. Hamlet, one of his great parts, was inherited from Betterton and Wilks. From his first appearance in the part in 1742, Garrick constantly cut, added to, and revised the text. In 1772 he created a final version, printed here from a preparation copy discovered by George Winchester Stone in the Folger Library, which at last, in Garrick's own words, "rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act." I have brought it forth without the Grave-digger's trick and the fencing match. Garrick's "imprudence" met with applause and earned him no less than £3,426. 14. 0 in the last four years of his career. But while Garrick's cuts in the fifth act did allow him to give a much more faithful version of the rest of the play, and to give the whole of the "Mouse-Trap" for the first time, he was forced to add dialogue of his own at the very end of the play, end to make Hamlet leave his kingdom to the hands of Horatio and Laertes. Garrick's alterations in this case clearly reflect his own taste. When he writes in a prologue,

Let then this precious liquor run to waste,
This now confined and bottled for your taste,
To lose no drop of that immortal man
Garrick insists too heavily on the distance between his own and his audience's sensibility. Garrick's own plays and his adaptations of Shakespeare have a complementary relationship. Taken together they reveal a great deal about the symbiotic relationship between a great actor, manager and contemporary taste: while Garrick was able to change his audience's perception of Shakespeare and to stage sense and comedy as opposed to lavish spectacle and farce, he could only do what the audience could be persuaded to bear. His entrepreneurial success depended on his own taste being in advance, but not too much in advance of critics and the

audience's and his own taste. Faced with the gross disregard of the unities in *The Winter's Tale* and the very un-Enlightenment manners of *The Taming of the Shrew*, Garrick salvaged both plays for his audience by creating three-act versions of them. These quickly became an attractive double bill. *Katherine and Petruchio*, first acted in 1754, cuts out the Christopher Sly matter in the Induction, does away with the wager, eliminates much of the bawdy and many of the puns, end interweaves scenes from different acts, thus condensing Shakespeare's comedy into a fast-moving farce. In Thomas Davies' words, "The loppings from the luxuriant tree of the old poet were not only judicious but necessary to preserve the pristine trunk." When performed in 1756 along with the three-act *Fortin and Perdita*, which cuts out the embarrasments of the sixteen-year time-gap and the man-devouring bear by the simple expedient of giving the whole of Shakespeare's first three acts in an opening retrospective speech, Drury Lane was presented with a neatly contrasted and various Shakespearean evening. A farcical courtship, putting the woman in her place, was set against the pathetic and spectacle of young lovers in "A Dramatic Pastoral", with the added attraction of Garrick's performance as Leontes.

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Inwardly interesting

By Paul Hamilton

DAVID MORSE:
Perspectives on Romanticism: A Transformational Analysis
310pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 333 28296 5

This book doesn't underestimate itself. If it "has a single concern it is an analysis of the trajectory of Western culture from the Reformation to the present, in which relativism and the development of multiple perspectives has threatened long-established notions of correspondence and truth". David Morse regards himself as correcting Foucault and Derrida, both of whom have, he claims, failed to realize the degree to which the "discourse" of the Romantic period anticipates post-structuralist theories of the arbitrariness of cultural signifying practices. He attempts to prove this by drawing on a wide range of sources, organized under various headings, in which this arbitrariness appears to most advantage.

In the opening discussion of "Romantic Discourse", eighteenth-century theories of language and of the subject are shown to move towards positions of increasing uncertainty about the representational function of language, and about received ideas of the coherence of the psyche. Next the book charts a "transformation" from Protestantism to Romanticism, from seeing that a "reformation" in poetry, a new inwardness, results from the distrust of traditional forms of media-

tion, and fuels the Romantic imagination.

Morse's book is ambitiously comparative, and it would have been good to have had his ideas on the influence of different Protestantisms, say on Hölderlin in Germany and Coleridge in England, as well as on the peculiar contribution of Dissenting Protestantism to English Romanticism. But the book tends to shy away from such detailed discriminations, as it also does from discussion of the traditional view that Romanticism finds its true resting-place in religious and political orthodoxies of some kind. The book assembles much evidence useful for scotching this view, but does not take account of that anti-Dissenting literariness that extends through Burke and, paradoxically, Hazlitt, to Matthew Arnold.

Morse provides a massive inventory of examples from works which are generally considered to be relevant to the subject of Romanticism. He seeks to avoid what he describes pejoratively as A. O. Lovejoy's "nominalism", and looks for "the unity" behind Romantic appearances. Sometimes the effort of managing so much material enervates his conclusions; and this, I think, points to a deeper problem. In a chapter on "Romanticism and the Infinite" he produces variations on this theme from Mozart's *Don Giovanni* to Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* by way of, amongst others, Goethe, Byron, Hölderlin, Keats, Kierkegaard, Hoffmann, Kleist and Baudelaire. There is a resemblance between Romantic impatience with the pretensions to imaginative adequacy of individual genres in the face of infinite possibility

and Pater's dictum that "All art aspires to the condition of music". Yet more important characteristics are inevitably elided in the comparison. The radical drive of the Faustian or Byronic hero is distinct from Pater's appreciation of the "Mona Lisa", a relish so fantastic its aesthetic generosity that it scarcely needs to touch upon the real world at all.

Baudelaire no doubt mediates between the two positions, but he cannot make entirely the crucial shift from heroic moral dissatisfaction to imaginative self-sufficiency - nor the political difference between the two, which Morse's book frequently ignores. His "transformational" or perspectival readings tend to catalogue examples of relativism and then explain no further. Yet this consciousness of arbitrariness is shared by different forms of writing which exploit it for different purposes. Morse thinks that Romantic aesthetics evades its own implications by conceding that "the structures created by the shaping spirit of imagination never fully correspond with structures actually present in the world". But he relies on a definition of the arbitrary so thorough-going that the disadvantage of this correspondence is not obviously apparent: for the decision as to what constitutes the actual should be as expressive of arbitrariness as any explicitly imaginary construction. Both sides, Romantic and mundane, have made their equally partial choices and it is the significance of these choices, rather than their passibility, which now arouses curiosity.

Awareness of arbitrariness can lead to scepticism or complacency, radicalism or conservatism, democracy or elitism. It tells us nothing on its own, but takes shape and colour from the uses to which it is put. Language, absorbed by the Romantics from the putatively exclusive duty of communicating, could now be prized explicitly for what Wordsworth called the "interest" or "feeling" it expressed. Morse's learned book is most valuable where it shows up Romanticism as the period in which this ideological consciousness became distinctively heightened. His forthcoming structural analysis of Romanticism will complement this book if it shows the extent to which Romanticism was also defined by the interests which it was used to represent.

Pony and Boy

the pony presses
its muzzle into the bark
of the tree blindly
as my boy, across the stream
leaning towards it, gazes

Clive Wilmer

A new Traherne manuscript

By Elliot Rose

The history of the rediscovery of Thomas Traherne in the present century is one of serendipity. It took two fortunate chummers to bring the *Commentaries* to Burtram Doherty, and two more to enable him to identify the author. *Commentaries of Heaven* – the latest discovery – escaped oblivion narrowly. The manuscript – in a tight twentieth-century binding, the cover slightly damaged by fire but the contents in perfect condition and legible throughout – came into the hands of its present owner incidentally, in Lancashire about 1967, and after various attempts he had almost given up trying to find out anything about it. The Public Library in North York, Ontario, identified the hand as mid-seventeenth-century and the watermark as closely resembling one of 1649. That was all, until Brook Taylor, a graduate student in history at the University of Toronto, showed it to me. When I heard the story, summarized here, I thought, "Another unsuspected religious genius, like Traherne. I never imagined it was Traherne. But it is."

"*Commentaries of Heaven* wherein The Mysteries of Felicity are opened: and All Things Discovered to be Objects of Happiness. Every Being Created & Incorporated being Alphabetically Represented (as it will appear) in the Light of Glory" fills rather more than half of a substantial book, the remainder being blank. Nearly 200 leaves are written closely, two columns a side of mixed prose and verse amounting to a good 350,000 words and only bringing the alphabetical arrangement of subjects from "Abhorrence" to "Bastard", about a hundred entries later. No doubt the author left off his more-

ized encyclopedia at that point because the project was becoming impossibly vast, but there is no sign of flagging energy before the end. Very near the end, under "Baseness", he gives forward references to "Liberity" and "Sin" – indications of an elaborate plan, but probably not of an earlier draft. For he was composing on the page. The numerous corrections are clearly authorial; he makes notes to himself, for example (under "Atom"). "Consider: Whether it be not best leave out some of these Poems", followed by a blank page. Entries show that "Atom" had gone four columns over its planned length already.

It did not seem likely that it would be possible to identify the author of an unfinished holograph, of a work that clearly never saw print. But there was a chance that he quoted himself somewhere else (this was in fact how Doherty traced Traherne). I consulted the Margoliouth edition as a ring shunt. I immediately noticed Margoliouth's fragment of incantation, with its characteristic spellings – "ey", "lov", and so on – which abound in the *Commentaries*. The rest was straightforward. Allan Pritchard, of the English Department at the University of Toronto, matched several whole words – "earth", "worship" – with the facsimiles in P. J. Croft's *Autograph Poet*. The plan of *Commentaries of Heaven* put a capital A at the head of nearly every column, and Traherne's is characteristic Orthography, themes, language, all support the identification, and under "Astrology" there is a reference to one of Traherne's favourite books: Theophilus Gale, "the late, but

learned author, in his *Court of the Gentiles*. . . "late" seems to be used here in the sense of "modern, recent". Gale, who outlived Traherne, published the work in 1670.

This dates the *Commentaries* to the most productive period of Traherne's life, which may help to explain the abandonment of the project, though its copiousness is reason enough. While the title describes the author's intentions, it hardly puts any limit on the subjects to be treated. One heading is "All Things", and several headings seem to be mainly starting-points for meditations on Traherne's favourite subject: Felicity. Hardly classifiable in any literary genre, the work tells me more about the author's religious views than anything else. There are sections on "Acceptance in God", "The Second Adam", "Ambassadors" (about the clergy) and "Atonement". But there is "Aristotle" as well. And while Traherne excuses himself from explaining the techniques, as distinct from the moral significance, of Arithmetic, because adequate books exist already – "For our Designe is only to supply y^e Defects of Learning as much as possible" – he does discuss recent experiments on Anis.

The quality of the writing perhaps comes out as clearly as anywhere under "Alone":
There is a Property in ye Soul of man, whereby he cannot endure to be alone, & yet loves to enjoy a Kingdom, or a Crown by himself, abhorring Rivals Sharers & Competitors, as much as Desolateness, & y^e as much as Death & Desert Solitariness. Were he in Heaven, if there were no Specta-

tor nor Lover there, he would be weary of y^e place. A Kings Palace would be but a Prison to Him, a Paradise a Wilderness, and all the Ermines Crowns & Scepters, Rubies Scarlets Gold & Silver in y^e Earth but unprofitable & cumbersome vanities. Nay verily tho he hath all y^e Glorious Unives in its Admirable Beauty, Magnificent Structure, Brightness & Order, variety & Delight to entertain him, y^e Glorious presence of y^e Sun, & verdure of y^e Earth, y^e Splendid Motions of all y^e Stars, & y^e Subjection of all the Beasts & fowles & fishes to him wld signify Nothing, neither wld y^e very Perfections of his Body, & y^e Excellencies of his soul be any other y^e a Disease unto Him. . .

For this Cause GOD hath filled the Earth wth Inhabitants, Incarnate Angels, Terrestrial Deities, Amiable & Marvellous Creatures, prone to lov and delight in us. . .

In verse, Traherne is seen in the manuscript in different moods. He is satisfied in "Affairs":

The Weighty Affairs
Of Pleasures & Payers
Now busy y^e Heads of our Great ones.
But even to me
The Sordid Epitaph of dead ones.
Feathers & Ladies & Lees Crest
Both y^e Sham & y^e Business of State.
More familiarly, there is the meditative "All Things":
Heaven Lord is not y^e an Endless Sphere
Where all thy Treasures and thy Joys appear?
If y^e be Heaven, it is Everywhere
The Earth's a Prison, & a Paradise:
Unto y^e Holy life of Endless Price.

A Dungeon to y^e y^e (sic) live in vice. . .

All Things were Adams, & All Things are ours.
Our Suns as bright as his, our Fruits & Flowers
As Sweet & Good: Nought's Blasted but our Powers. . .

A good deal of the verse is merely facile; the author's pen, as he seems eventually to have realized, ran away with him. Even so, Traherne's admirers will be grateful for this insight into his mind and, in terms of sheer volume, the most substantial writing of his that is yet known.

There is only one direct autobiographical detail in the work. Under "Baptism", Traherne mentions a discussion of Anabaptism he had with John Tombs, "the great Ring-leader of that Sect". In Leominster "Where having the advantage twice to meet him I both times asked him the same Question, & both times received the same Answer, that the Jews were under the Covenant of Works, but under times asking him what use or Place could be for Sacrifices in a Covenant of Works, he was both times as Blank, & mute as a fish". Tombs was ejected from Leominster in 1662, but he was a Trier and Ejector for Herefordshire in 1657, when the twenty-year-old Traherne was appointed to the living of Credenhill. It seems entertainingly possible that he was supposed to be grilling Traherne on his theology, rather than the other way about.

The owner has deposited the manuscript on long-term loan in the Thomas Fisher Rare Books Library, at the University of Toronto. Ways of dealing with the massive task of editing and publishing the work are under consideration.

The national internationalism

By D. C. Watt

FRANK A. NINKOVICH:

The Diplomacy of Ideas
U.S. foreign policy and cultural relations, 1938-1950

253pp. Cambridge University Press.
£15.
0 521 23241 4

This brilliant but misleadingly titled book might well serve as an illustration of the degree to which even the ablest American historians of American foreign policy ("diplomatic historians" in current American usage) have become locked into their own culture and victims of its deconstruction. To begin with, Professor Ninkovich is only marginally concerned with diplomacy; his theme, rather, is the bureaucratic struggle in Washington over the formulation of a policy for the conduct of cultural relations with the non-American external world. Diplomacy, an art not a science, is, however, concerned with the conduct of negotiations and the accurate reporting of the actions and transactions of foreign governments to which the diplomat is accredited. To study even its simplest form, bilateral diplomacy, the diplomatic historian needs therefore to be familiar with the archives of at least the two countries with whose relations he is concerned. He must know the actual as well as the formal decision-making processes in both countries, as well as the degree to which each is sensitive and responsive to "public opinion" (the nature of which in each country he must also understand). He must in fact be familiar with the political "cultures" (to use a word with whose many different meanings and ambiguities Ninkovich continuously plays) in each country. And in the twentieth century at least he must be aware of the transnational elements in each and the degree to which, irrespective of the public defence of its own government's "foreign policy", each political culture is sympathetic to and open to influence from its equivalent in the other country. With such issues Ninkovich hardly deals at all, except briefly

when he is discussing the wartime debate in Washington, and between Washington and the US Embassy in Chungking, about cultural policy toward Kuomintang China. His theme is the debate over the role cultural relations should play within general relations between the United States and the external non-American world. It is a fascinating story and a well-told one; but only Ninkovich's cultural Americo-centrism can create the historical irony he perceives in his account.

This irony for him lies in the movement from what he calls the "liberal internationalist view" of international cultural relations, which aimed at the creation of the "liberal ecumene", to the state-controlled, ideologically oriented American nationalism of the Cold War. In the earlier phase, control and activity were in private hands, with the great foundations leading in association with national professional bodies such as the American Council of Learned Societies, the American Library Association and so on, and related at an international level with the Committee on Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations. In the latter stage, the State Department Cultural Relations department fought to gain control over UNESCO, while subsidizing through clandestine channels (which included private foundations) organizations such as the Congress for Cultural Freedom and its publications. "Cultural internationalism was now an instrument of national policy. The educational system was successfully turned to Cold War political war. UNESCO was persuaded to carry out American foreign policy and independent liberal intellectuals were mobilized into a militant force for ideological combat against the Communist conferees." And yet, Ninkovich continues, there was a nearly unanimous insistence that "very little change of consequence" had occurred. Educators continued to act in the belief that they were being non-political. "UNESCO stalwarts" were convinced they were defending internationalism "rather than playing the dummy to the State Department's ventriloquist". The liberal intelligentsia believed it was defending cultural freedom rather

than the State Department's manipulation of that freedom. "In 1938, there had existed a correspondence between internationalist beliefs and their political and organizational uses. But now ideal and reality were held together by illusion, so whereas the original Division of Cultural Relations was created with a scrupulous regard for voluntarism and internationalist principles were pursuing an aggressive new diplomacy in which the rhetoric of idealism masked the pursuit of power. . . Private interests no longer dominated – in their place stood an ideologically inspired bureaucracy."

Ninkovich is, of course, far too shrewd an observer not to be describing a genuine change, in the partial bowing-out of the large private foundations and their replacement by a variety of state agencies. He also notes that American internationalists viewed the Cold War as a genuine struggle between intellectual freedom and democracy on the one hand and Soviet totalitarianism on the other. "American ideals", he writes, "were regarded not as epiphenomena, but as causal agencies in their own right." The fact was that "intellectual freedom in the USA was culturally circumscribed" as "freedom of ideas took a populist shelling". American liberal ideals demanded a means of isolating American beliefs as the only way of defending them.

With all these propositions a sympathetic "liberal" observer of the United States would to some extent agree. But from the start he would part company with Ninkovich's form of analysis. Liberal internationalism, as a movement, had originated prior to the First World War with the high-bourgeois culture of western Europe and central Europe (and with its Anglo-Saxon extensions – which reached as far as the Alleghenies). Its basic assumption, and that of the incipient transnational society which it fostered, was the essence of any major ideological conflict. There were conflicts at the national level; but they could be adjusted, as they had been throughout the nineteenth century by their fathers and the aristocratic conservatives with whom

they were assimilating, to create the European culture and society which Keynes wrote so brilliantly in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. This culture was overturned in 1914 by the emergence of integral nationalism, which first appeared as the final ploy of European despotism and its supporters, then as the justification of the seizure of power by the defeated. But integral nationalism, the ideology of those who, excluded from power by monarchy and aristocracy hoped to inherit it through war, was not the only ideology to emerge from the ruins of Europe's greatest civil war. More far-reaching in their effects were Wilsonianism, Bolshevism and the new elitist anti-European nationalism and pan-nationalism of the non-European world. Of these Wilsonianism, the intellectual content of which came largely from the English radicals of the ODC, was the most immediate in its impact, adding to its borrowed plumage an absolutist doctrine, a denial of legitimacy to any other political system it dealt with, and a determination to use American power to impose its solutions upon its partners.

This Wilsonianism masqueraded as internationalism. What Ninkovich never asks is how far the "internationalism" of his pre-1938 private system of "cultural diplomacy" differed from Wilsonianist "internationalism". It was, to begin with, anti-political, millennialist and missionary, save towards Europe. European "centralizing nationalism" was to it an awful warning of the world that had to be changed. Towards Latin America, every North American believed the United States had a "moral mandate". It was elitist, believing in cultural pervasion (and thus vulnerable to United States populism). Most of all, by 1938 it was "internationalist" only in the sense that it accepted the reality of an external world which the United States could not ignore. While initially, echoes of its doctrines could be found in Europe, they were more muted. By 1938 no European state, and precious few European political organizations believed in American internationalism, least of all in the cultural field. France, Germany,

Italy and Britain saw cultural relations as the projection of a national linguistic culture, and as part of the national policy. Under such circumstances American "internationalism" was as American as apple pie. Its internationalism was the projection of a national culture which lacked a linguistic base (since culturally it was English-speaking and came late on the scene). It lacked too a basis in what current modes of thought would have called a "racial heritage", as well as a generally recognized style in the non-verbal arts – music, painting, architecture and so on. America's real cultural ambassadors came from Hollywood not Washington: the real image of America held by non-Americans, an image of social mobility, simplicity and wealth open to all, was so potent that it was this more than anything else against which European propagandists tilted and to which European intellectuals, after sneering, so often succumbed.

In brief Professor Ninkovich's dichotomy is false, its falsity is doubly apparent when the "cultural diplomatists" are examined. These are not a double class, one half in the employ of private philanthropy, the other faceless career bureaucrats from some Kafkaesque ministry of culture. They come from a common class, with a common education, and within the tradition of American political administration they move backwards, sideways and forwards. Into, out of and between the American universities, the foundations and the employment of the state, in response to political, economic and cultural compulsions. Among these compulsions are genuine, non-American, inimical ideologies, whose tyrannies are of an order undreamt of in Ninkovich's cultural relativism. American diplomatic historians should constantly have before them the lines of Browning, "What shall they know of England, who only England know?" and break out of their stultifying cultural isolationism, which can make even a book so carefully researched, so imaginatively constructed, so clearly written as this come perilously close to the merest of exercises in "eyeballing the novel".

Metaphysicals no more

By John Roe

T. G. S. CAIN (Editor):
Jacobean and Caroline Poetry
An Anthology
334pp. Methuen. £9.95 (paperback, £4.55).
0 416 31060 5

Johnson, following Dryden, condemned poets like Donne and Cowley for "putting thought before feeling; but Eliot, following Grerson, reversed the judgment, arguing that for Donne, at least feeling was thought. The "Metaphysicals" would have basked in the phoenix-glow of ingenuity of a word that was so able to transform itself from a term of abuse into one of triumph. For such reasons Grerson backed his hunch on it, though with misgivings; and with fresh efforts at justification so did Helen Gardner. Their two anthologies have remained the most successful at representing poets as diverse in temper and achievement, if undeniably of a common moment in sensibility, as were Donne and Cowley. Both editors chose the miscellany as the best means of accommodating authors of varying impact, and as a solution to the problem posed by a few extraordinary poems that outshine their creators.

T. G. S. Cain has broken with their practice on several counts, arranging his selection only partly by miscellany; dropping "metaphysical" because of the unwelcome pressure it puts on editors (eg forcing them to repudiate "Cavalier" lyrics); and emphasizing the historical context over previous anthologies' more internal or stylistic concern with the nature of lyric and "concept". The last of these moves is not as new as it once was, but acknowledging the complete interrelationship of event, voice and time brings consolation for people who otherwise suffer when the only criterion is "individuality". But the intention behind this seems to be more to revive old reputations than to castigate the new. No plea is entered for the "Metaphysicals" for Cavalier poets, and the latter are almost

completely modernized, and a few selected passages of annotation are striking at the end. What is most striking is the division of the anthology into two parts. In the first part the editor gives roughly twenty pages each to "Ten Poets". In the second and shorter part ("Miscellany") about thirty poets are briefly represented. The order is chronological in each. Eight of the ten poets of Part One are likely to pass without a murmur; but Drayton, chosen to open for "transitional" purposes, might cause dissent, though he has fewer pages than the rest in this group. The other perhaps surprise choice is Herrick – left out by Grerson (and not brought back by Gardner) presumably as unequal to the kind of demand made on lyric poetry following the First World War. Jonson, no longer a choice that needs arguing, and Herbert link

arms with Herrick protecting him from the blaze of Donne. Then come, in order, Milton, Crashaw, Marvell and Henry Vaughan. Milton as ever proves awkward. *Lycidas*, *L Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, sonnets, part of a "Vacation Exercise": are they enough – and are they right? Cain wisely avoids extracting from the epics; but he does include frustratingly shortened versions of *The First Anniversary* and *Upon Appleton House*, unignorable both of them, but unwieldy. The one-page introduction to Milton (given to each of the poets of the first group but not to those of the miscellany) attempts to justify his lyric character to the ancient prejudices of today. Unnecessary, surely? Yet the editor's approach reminds us how much the tremors of the shock-wave that broke in the 1920s are still felt. But he need not now propose a Symbol-

ist Milton to appease the young T. S. Eliot.
On the whole, this selection achieves its ends, allowing that no anthology ever completely satisfies anyone. It personally misfires *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn*. It introduces the younger reader to ten poets who ought to be seen more often in each other's company. The tactic of discarding "metaphysical" – therefore, works, even if it leaves the book with a very appealing title; while the boundaries assumed by previous editors have been encouragingly extended, making possible a fresh valuation of groupings and reputations. But I have so far neglected the "Miscellany", and wonder if it doesn't reflect a fault in the volume's overall structure. The collective weight of the first ten poets, even though it brings Herrick

agreeably up to strength, makes the anthology slightly top-heavy. While approving in general of Cain's choices for his miscellany poets (which include Godolphin, Sir John Beaumont, Browne of Tavistock and William Strode), I feel they have an uphill fight in an arrangement that makes them easy to ignore. The straightforward mingling of greater and lesser talents opted for by Grerson and Gardner may still be the best means of calling attention to the whole genius of the age. Lovelace, for example, is unfortunate with his obscure place in the miscellany; though it seems right for Cowley, destined apparently to be fished from oblivion only by such assessments as wish him there, like Douglas Bush's heartless identification of him as "the enfeebled grandson of Donne and the enfeebled grandfather of Dryden".

A gem set in garbage

By Jim Potter

EDWARD K. SPANN:
The New Metropolis
New York City 1840-1857
546pp. Columbia University Press.
\$25.90.
0 231 050 844

By the middle of the nineteenth century, New York was, in size, one of the world's great cities. Its population in 1850 already exceeded half a million; surpassing all European cities except London and Paris. By 1860 the twenty-two square miles of Manhattan Island had over 800,000 inhabitants, a population greater than that of twenty of the thirty-three states of the Union. If Brooklyn and other suburbs are included, Manhattan was the centre of a metropolitan area of well over a million people.

Great it was in other respects also, at least in the view of Fernando Wood, its mayor in 1855-57:

Our city is a great empire – great in its extent – great in its population; great in its wealth; great in its commerce; great in its splendour; great in its pretensions; great in its religious sanctity; great in the quantity of vice, destitution, and wretchedness which pervade it; great in the variety of its social classes and the national characteristics of the world condensed into one community.

Edward K. Spann's work, from which this quotation is taken, is a comprehensive study of all these things of New York's "greatness", and of many others besides. The two

decades of his study were exceptionally dynamic even for a city whose very name has come to symbolize frenzied activity and restless energy. Already in 1850 three New Yorkers out of five had been born elsewhere, in America or in Europe; by 1860 forty-seven per cent of the city's population was foreign-born, including over 200,000 Irish and over 100,000 Germans. These were minimum totals, however, since the two and a quarter million immigrants entering the port of New York between 1840 and 1855 (that is a daily average of over 300) created a floating population of unknown size, a vast band of rootless transients.

The author responds magnificently to the challenge of this splendid subject. His 427 pages of text are supplemented by nine brief statistical appendices, a comprehensive bibliography and seventy-five pages of end-notes (which no reader should neglect). Each chapter is appropriately illustrated with contemporary lithographs and paintings.

The book is arranged topic by topic rather than chronologically, and the chapters might be read in any order. If there are any themes which dominate a work so encyclopedic in its scope, they are: territorial and numerical expansion, the sheer mechanics of existence, the contrasting extremes of wealth and poverty, and the complexities of government in such volatile circumstances. A central chapter, "Significantly so titled, 'Manhattan Survival Machine',

The doubling of New York's population between 1840 and 1855 was facilitated by the opening of the Croton water system, bringing fresh water to Manhattan via forty miles of pipes and aqueducts. Indeed by the

latter date per capita water consumption was estimated at three times that of London. To the advantage of tap-water was added that of coal-gas. Coal was brought in mainly by canal and the New York area was soon consuming one-third of eastern production.

The need to expand food supplies was met by a vast enlargement of the catchment area, made possible, especially after 1845, through railroad building; already in 1851, for example, hundreds of surrounding acres were devoted to the production of tomatoes, a vegetable almost unobtainable a decade or so earlier. Seafood was a major item of diet, one estimate showing 50,000 people engaged in oyster-raising in 1854. Milk consumption increased six-fold between 1841 and 1853 (a mixed blessing since swill milk was seen as a factor in the rise of infant mortality).

The cholera epidemic of 1849 focused attention on public health and seventy miles of sewer were laid between 1850 and 1855. Nevertheless in 1856 there were still only 10,000 water-closets in the whole city and in 1859 only one-quarter of all paved streets had sewerage. With 22,500 horses pulling public conveyances, and countless more in private use, the problem of manure disposal aggravated that of the human detritus deposited in courts, alleys, and cesspools and in the streets and yards to purely in the sun, sending out [its] poisonous miasmas to engulf the city and destroy life.

The death rate rose alarmingly from one in forty persons in 1840 to one in twenty-seven in 1855. In 1856 the records show only 16,191 births against 21,658 deaths (14,809 of children). Given the extraordinary

wealth of the city, the author describes New York as a "sparkling gem set in a pile of garbage".

Among the attempts to improve the environment was the creation of Frederick Law Olmsted's Central Park, setting aside five hundred acres of "People's Park" from other encroachments.

The more affluent were already fleeing the city towards suburbia. The author sees this as the American attempt to maintain the Jeffersonian ideal of the Independent landed yeoman in urban surroundings, finding a prophet in George Henry Evans who remarked "This country cannot be a republic till every man can live in his own dwelling". What made the move possible was the steam engine, in the form of ferry services to Jersey City, Hoboken, Williamsburg and Brooklyn, providing New York's first mass transport. In 1860 the East River ferries alone carried 33 million passengers.

The wealth of New York, which the author links directly to Californian gold, found expression in the building boom of the early 1850s. In the private sector magnificent mansions and ostentatious business premises were built; in the public sector, schools and hospitals were hastily provided, dock facilities improved, streets paved and widened, avenues extended.

These public improvements were only achieved at the cost of severe political tensions as well as institutional innovations, described in detail in chapters entitled "The Trouble with Politics", "Tammany's City", and "Tyranny Tammany and the State". The author sees New York

(not, it might be noted, F. J. Turner's "Frontier") as the "hot-bed of American democracy", with urban politics "in refuge and an instrument of the ambitious poor".

Frequently throughout the book the reader reflects on how little has changed, how much could be reproduced as a valid comment even in 1982. Let one extract suffice, written in 1853:

"The more noise, the more confusion, the greater the crowd, the better the looker on and crowds seem to like it, and the world from the match-boy to the gentleman of leisure resort to see the confusion, the uproar, and the sights while all enjoy it alike. The din, this driving, this omnibus-thunder, this squeezing, this jamming, crowding, end at times smashing, is the exhilarating music which charms the multitude and draws its thousands within the whirl. This is Broadway – this makes Broadway. Take from it those elements, the charm is gone."

The *Papers of Henry Clay*, Volume 6, edited by Mary W. M. Hargreaves and James F. Hopkins, has recently been published (1,144pp. University Press of Kentucky, £35.00/£13.00/\$9.95). The volume covers the year 1827 during which Clay, as Secretary of State in the Adams Administration, was closely involved in Latin America and with Anglo-American tensions on the Canadian border and elsewhere. Domestic political issues included the Congressional and presidential elections, and bribery and corruption. The publication of this volume marks the retirement of the editors from a project which they instituted in 1952.

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Foundations and forms of life

By Eckart Förster

RÜDIGER BUBNER
Modern German Philosophy
Translated by Eric Matthews
223pp. Cambridge University Press.
£18.50 (paperback, £5.95).
0 521 22908 1

"The German or a prior view of human knowledge... is likely for some time longer (although it may be loomed in a diminishing degree) to predominate among those who occupy themselves with such enquiries, both here and on the continent." Thus wrote J. S. Mill in his *Autobiography* more than a hundred years ago. Since then, the impact of German philosophical thought on a way of thinking which has far exceeded Mill's hopes. Recently, however, this trend seems to have been reversed, and there are now signs of a growing interest in phenomenology, hermeneutics, the tradition of dialectic and critical theory.

At the same time, philosophy in Germany itself has undergone rapid transformation. Not only has it lost much of its unified character, but it has also increasingly absorbed influences from abroad, most notably from the analytic schools and the philosophy of science. And yet what is perhaps most striking about modern German philosophy, as revealed in Rüdiger Bubner's survey, is the extent to which the adaptation of contemporary positions, be they analytical, scientific or dialectical, is carried on in a way which might be called the "German or a prior view of human knowledge". Even today, the two great figures of the German tradition, Kant and Hegel, are never far from the centre of the debates.

Bubner distinguishes three main currents under which the various positions can roughly be subsumed: phenomenology and hermeneutics; linguistic philosophy and theory of science; and dialectic and the philosophy of practice. The phenomenological school, dominant since the first half of the century but now becoming increasingly unfashionable, has itself undergone a development from a Kant-inspired beginning in Husserl's search for "new foundations for pure logic and epistemology to a neo-Hegelian position in the hermeneutics of H.-G. Gadamer. In its original logical concerns, phenomenology had much in common with linguistic analysis. But it was the growing preoccupation with language itself which, more than anything else, has permitted insights from the analytic position to be readily assimilated. Wittgenstein's conception of the "language-game" as a "form of life", in particular, received a warm welcome from those who had insisted with Heidegger on the irreducibly linguistic character of our relation to the world, or from those who had accustomed themselves to think with Husserl of the "life-world" as the "forgotten foundation for science".

Nevertheless, the product of this assimilation is more than the sum of its ingredient parts, as may be seen from two positions which Bubner discusses, namely K. O. Apel's "transcendental pragmatics", and the "constructivism" of P. Lorenzen. Apel, for instance, finds it imperative "to think with Wittgenstein against Wittgenstein and beyond Wittgenstein" and to overcome the relativism in the conception of the language-game. He endorses Wittgenstein's point that one cannot follow a rule privately, that one cannot know something as something save by being a member of a linguistic community and by taking part in an interpersonal process of agreement and interpretation of signs.

Against Wittgenstein, however, Apel holds that in the learning of one language-game each speaker also acquires the competence to reflect critically on his own language and thus to anticipate a later language-game, in which unlimited consensus would be possible. This, however, is a view which is not only a departure from Wittgenstein's point, but also a departure from the central concern of linguistic philosophy, which is to show that language is not a mere tool, but that it is a condition of the possibility of thought. Whoever takes part in a language-game is already committed to a set of rules which are not subject to arbitrary change.

analysis has much in common with Habermas's conception of the "ideal dialogue", but where they part company is in Apel's belief that reflection on the conditions of possible understanding in a communication community leads to something like a transcendental point of "ultimate foundation" (*Letztbegründung*) of philosophy. Such an ultimate foundation is reached, according to Apel, if no argument for or against the rules of the ideal language-game is possible without presupposing them.

The foundations with which Lorenzen is concerned are, by contrast, not arrived at through reflection but are consciously laid to secure methodologically controllable discourse. Dissatisfied with the lack of normative elements in the procedures of hermeneutics and the analytical philosophies of science, Lorenzen proposes to take seriously an old motif of Kant's, namely that we only really understand what we ourselves can produce. The fundamental idea of his constructivism is transparent by introducing, in a rigorously methodical way, all those concepts and procedures which are important for a particular realm of discourse. Beginning with such elementary operations as the attribution of predicates and names, the language is gradually enriched to allow for the formation of elementary propositions and the introduction of logical particles, which is done in terms of assertions in a dialogue-game which are

challenged by an opponent and defended by the proponent. The rules of the dialogue permit and control the introduction of all necessary concepts, activities and procedures in a methodically ordered advance from one stage to the next.

In recent years Lorenzen and his followers have extended the original programme and have tried to lay constructive foundations not only for logic and ethics, but also for empirical sciences like physics and sociology. Under the name of "proto-science", they have begun to develop non-axiomatic, constructivist theories which immanently define and legitimate the concepts and procedures employed in the associated sciences.

These attempts to lay a priori foundations for empirical sciences have provoked a comparison with Kant's transcendental philosophy, but have also attracted considerable criticism. Bubner's presentation of the position is marked with scepticism. He not only doubts the possibility of a quasi-presuppositionless starting point for construction, or the identification of rationality with method, but also denies any transcendental implications of Lorenzen's procedure.

Such implications are also denied for Apel's position. In this connection, however, Bubner raises two general objections which seem to be directed towards any transcendental theory in terms of linguistic community. Any reflection on the conditions of possible knowledge, Bubner insists, must start

from a given concept of knowledge; and if it is, as any transcendental enquiry must, to seek out the necessary conditions of knowledge, then these conditions must also be conditions of the reflection itself; as Bubner put it, the transcendental argument must be "self-referential". But this link between the reflector and what is reflected on is severed once a communication community is substituted for the original Kantian subject. There is no room left for a transcendental enquiry because "the communication community does not reflect on itself consistently, as a kind of collective subject... but a philosopher approaching from the outside points to certain normatively characterized premises...". If, alternatively, the argument is analysed merely in terms of the logical structure of self-reference, then no ultimate foundation can be realized. For if the condition in question is also a condition of the transcendental reflection itself, then any attempt to construct an alternative to this condition will result in "the experience of running up against a limit. There is nothing in this experience, however, to show that the limit is one of principle, or that the principle is unique...".

These objections seem to be mistaken. If linguistic agreement with others is necessary for knowledge, then Kant's transcendental self must indeed be substituted, but only by someone who can be a member of a linguistic community, i.e. an empirical person of flesh and blood, not by the community itself. All reflection must still be done

by each individual thinker for himself even if this process can no longer be understood as a solitary act in principle independent of any intersubjective agreement and interpretation.

Bubner's second objection does not seem to fare any better. How can one establish the "uniqueness" of a condition of knowledge? One way of doing this is by considering an alternative, i.e. a conception based on the negation of the condition, and by attempting a proof, e.g. by *reductio ad absurdum*, of the conception's internal incoherence. Ultimate foundation or not; if the proof is valid, the condition is established. And this exhausts the field of possible alternatives to this condition. For although one may imagine different conceptions based on the negation of the original condition, this would not add to the number of alternatives. The proof will have to be self-referential in Bubner's sense, if the condition in question is indeed necessary for knowledge. But this structure is then consequential, and cannot be interpreted as indicating a limitation of the proof.

An introduction to contemporary German philosophy is overdue, and Bubner's book meets this need. It is subjective and often provocative, but, as is to be expected from an author who himself plays an active role within the tradition he describes, this makes the book all the more lively and readable, and if it makes the reader want to consult some of the original texts, it has achieved an important purpose.

AUSTRALASIA AND ASIA

Modernization and marginalization

By David Lowenthal

J. N. JENNINGS and G. J. R. LINGE
Editors
Of Time and Place
Essays in honour of O. H. K. Spate
296pp. Eurospan. £6.75.
0 7081 1453 9

O. H. K. Spate is a Cambridge-trained polymath of German ancestry whose first scholarly bibliography was the Indian subcontinent; his massive *India and Pakistan* (1954) remains an incomparable regional geography. He left LSE in 1951 to become Foundation Professor of Geography at the Australian National University's Research School of Pacific Studies, subsequently becoming that School's Director, while at the same time fostering the development of geography in other Australian universities. Spate's long and productive career has carried him beyond both India and the Antipodes; his *Spanish Lake* (1979), the first volume of a projected history of the Pacific Basin, is a widely acclaimed masterpiece.

Of these essays by Spate's former students and colleagues, all but one are substantive rather than methodological, with themes highly localized in space and time. They are grouped in four sections, the first and last concerning Australia, the others South-East Asia and the Pacific (mainly New Guinea and Fiji). The Australian studies focus on settlers' visitors, and advisers' impressions of that land, and on its empty heart. But only R. L. Heathcote's study of how and land experience has affected Australian conservation policy conveys any general impression of land or life. Peter J.

Rimmer's "The British Expert Con-eth", recounting responses to three nineteenth-century engineers sent out to make recommendations for Australia's railway and port systems, illuminates the age-old Australian ambivalence toward British heritage and hegemony. But essays on early nineteenth-century agricultural settlements in northern Australia, on migrants' reactions to shipboard life and their first antipodean impressions, on the Australian research of an early twentieth-century Czech geographer, and on an abortive Western Australian mining boom - these topics, whatever their intrinsic interest, make no cumulative impact not only because they are heterogeneous but also because they are essentially antiquarian. Australia's size and lack of coherence seem to engender geographical research that fully details local particulars but eschews general commentary or reflection.

The exotic essays, whether on late-nineteenth-century Bangkok or forest degradation in New Guinea, seem fuller and more satisfying, perhaps because smaller-scale and more densely-peopled scenes are more easily encompassed, or perhaps because their authors are concerned with tracing continuity and change. How present farm-settlement patterns derive from earlier sugar estates in Fiji, for example, is the theme of R. Gerard Ward's "Plus Ça Change... Plantations, Tenants, Protestations or Peasants in Fiji". Local ambivalence reflects their ambiguous relationship with central authorities who "should perhaps aim not so much at making the country like the town", Clarke concludes, "as making the town like the country".

The impact of agricultural development in Papua New Guinea as a whole emerges in Diana Howlett's "When is a Peasant Not a Peasant?" Even though land is still abundant, the introduction of a cash economy has led to regional inequalities that

leave people in effect landless, because the land they have cannot provide them with an adequate cash income. The indigenous takeover of expatriate plantations and the employment legislation of the 1970s have speeded the recruitment of rural labourers in this segment of the economy which symbolizes both their rusticity and their marginal location. National goals strongly favour rural development, the reduction of economic inequalities, and subsistence agriculture; none the less, economic advance has had precisely the opposite effect on the Bomogai-Angioang. The growth and concentration of commercial agriculture, notably coffee, has reduced secondary forest, hunting, and subsistence orchards, and set in train ecological degradation. The move from a subsistence to a cash economy has upset the traditional roles of men and women, leading to what Clarke terms "class formation between the sexes". Two decades of progress have diminished the administrative and social services that are locally available. "The aid post... has retreated to... a day's walk away. The Anglican no longer visits. The walking tracks are falling into disrepair... and the school has closed." Such marginalization, "inevitably attendant on modernization and economic development" the world over, was intensified as the Bomogai-Angioang became remote rather than romantically recent. Local ambivalence reflects their ambiguous relationship with central authorities who "should perhaps aim not so much at making the country like the town", Clarke concludes, "as making the town like the country".

Assessing Indonesian city planning, W. Donald McTaggart concludes that planners in Java plan, intentionally or otherwise, for the Westernized, monetized segments of society. New urban structures ignore

traditional cosmological values and uproot distinctive, ethnically-based communities in favour of purely economic patterns of spatial segregation.

A welcome contrast to these disillusioned warnings can be found in Spate's own recommendations for Fiji. I. Q. Lasaga, a former student of Spate's who is now Cabinet Secretary there, provides a roseate review of the application of Spate's comprehensive and incisive analysis of 1959. Spate stressed an evolutionary route to modernity, reducing emphasis on status and tradition in favour of individual fitness and training for employment. "Fijian society accepted this challenge and has responded positively to this prescription," Lasaga reports; "today Fijian institutions... aim to seek out and recruit Fijians on merit, not status." Fiji has evolved into a community of independent farmers who participate in the rural cash economy and profit from technical expertise while retaining many traditional allegiances.

The idiosyncratic flavour of Spate's own scholarship and personality emerge more clearly in his collected essays, *Let Me Enjoy*, than from the bare list of his publications given here or from T. M. Perty's "Personal Impressions". Erudite, incisive, articulate, he is an accomplished stylist whose satirical prose has enlivened geography in general and Australasian studies in particular for almost half a century. Few of Spate's followers match him in this respect: of the fifteen essays in the present volume only Bruce Ryan's "Oral Historical Geography", a well-argued plea for the integration of oral with written sources, exhibits much verbal felicity. But the great majority of the essays are highly readable, and all eschew academic jargon - or have had it excised by the editors.

A valediction to verificationism

By Neil Tennant

OSWALD HANFLING
Logical Positivism
181pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £14 (paperback, £5.50).
0 631 10861 0

OSWALD HANFLING (Editor)
Essential Readings in Logical Positivism
248pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £5.95.
0 631 12566 3

Oswald Hanfling's *Logical Positivism* is a truncated history of a handful of important ideas. The first sentence quotes the verdict of the *Encyclopaedia of Philosophy*: "Logical Positivism is dead, or as dead as a philosophical movement ever becomes." One might expect such a verdict to have been arrived at long ago, but the author has persevered. His justification is that the movement has left a mark on philosophy that is still very much in evidence today - the search for a theory of meaning, and a belief in the unity of science. The last sentence of the book in effect claims that Logical Positivism is of lasting importance. Yet, as Hanfling admits, the conclusions arrived at in his book are largely negative. How, then, are we to believe that a dead philosophy is a live issue?

What Hanfling has given is mainly an essay on the verification principle - a well-documented trudge through the writings of Schlick, Carnap, Ayer, Wittgenstein, Wislmann and others. For the companion volume of eighteen articles and extracts, the emphasis is much the same, and Hanfling's introduction by and large summarizes the discussion to his main study. The latter is methodical and lucid but is disappointing in making several lines of thought come to an abrupt halt in Wittgensteinian appeals to ordinary usage. For some of course, this is perfectly in order, as it stands. Most of Hanfling's very comprehensive discussion is unexceptionable.

But it is also unexceptionable. Its steps are well known; only the arrangement is new. Hanfling appears to miss the chance of showing how the central concerns of logical positivism are still with us today. His often illuminating comparisons with the empiricists of old need to be balanced by an account of positivism's more recent legacy - the philosophical empiricism of Quine, the analytic philosophy of Putnam, and the philosophy of language.

philosophy of language. His negative conclusions concern the minutiae of meaning analysis and epistemological reconstruction. He says little about the influence that logical positivism arguably had on the level of rigour in Anglo-American philosophy - whether it be thought beneficial or no. Whatever its defects, logical positivism, as Hanfling discerns them, remains tantalizing - and perhaps attainable; "to explain the way in which meanings are self-subjective; to explain how empirical statements can correspond with empirical facts; and to accommodate the subjectivity of experience." It was a grand and austere set of principles. According to Logical Positivism, there are

two, and only two, kinds of meaningful statements. There are, firstly, empirical statements, verifiable by observation. These are the main repository of human knowledge. Secondly, there is a kind of statement, sometimes called "analytic", where truth or falsity can be ascertained by merely reflecting on the meanings of the relevant words.

The Verification Principle claimed that the meaning of a statement was (or was determined by, or resided in, or was understood if and only if one mastered) its method of verification. This method would be sensitive to logical-linguistic structure and would rely ultimately on one's effecting some sort of comparison of the most basic statements of the language with "reality" or "experience" or "the phenomenal structure: scientific method would ordain what kinds of comparison or confrontation were in order. Metaphysical claims, religious beliefs, and perhaps even moral principles would be revealed by a corresponding criterion of verifiability as mere pseudo-statements, statements devoid of meaning. Carnap's thesis of reducibility held, moreover, that the various sciences from physics through chemistry to biology and psychology, shared not only a common method but also a common language. Some "narrow" or "physical" thing-words would serve as raw materials for definitions of such diverse notions as length, temperature, acidity, homeostasis and negation.

There are three ways of getting at a grand edifice like this. One is to stand outside waving banners with slogans. Not being a sociologist of knowledge,

Hanfling does not do that. The second is to check from time to time as the philosophical dry rot works its way through. This Hanfling has done assiduously, and we have his final report. But the third is to blast at its foundations. This is what Quine did in his famous essay "Two Dogmas of Empiricism", blurring the line between the analytic and synthetic, deeming every statement's truth value revisable in principle. Yet Hanfling breathes not a word of this to his reader. His critique by attrition does, however, encompass an exhaustive list of problems: that of formulating a criterion of verifiability (for deciding whether a statement is meaningful, rather than what its meaning consists in); the problem of distinguishing criteria of truth from mere symptoms; the problems attendant upon conflating conditions of ostensive learning with those of verification; the verification conditions of atomic statements, and of universal and tensed statements; why we must move from the passively given to the actively got, in order to close the gap between sense-experiences and the reality of things; whether the process of verifying a single statement might ramify indefinitely; whether the overall theory can accommodate meaningful deliverances of introspection; and the problematic status of the verification principle within the language it concerns.

In his discussion of psychological terms, Hanfling does not explore a possible tension between behavioural conditions for their application, and physiological conditions that science might discover. Here he misses an opportunity to show the relevance of Davidson's insistence on the autonomy of the mental. Likewise, in his earlier discussions of the opposition between statements' immunity to doubt, and the Carnap-Neurath coherence theory, he fails to explore its possible resolution to Quine's epistemology and theory of meaning. The final chapter, on the accommodation of ethics, criticism, emotivism, Hanfling argues that C. L. Stevenson's view that moral judgments are really a combination of an attitude and an injunction does not accord sufficient importance to reasons, and to moral judgments as a source of action. But one is left feeling unconvinced that Hanfling has shut the door on a more sophisticated emotivism - one that weds a causal theory of belief, desire and action to a consequential theory of value. It is not at all clear that no such theory can account for knowledge of the moral status of an act, or for meaningful dispute about it.

Perhaps the most disappointing error of omission here, compared to the introduction to the companion volume of readings, is that Hanfling does not amplify his discussion of Reichenbach on morals.

Amid all the Wittgensteinian cautions about ordinary usage, a brief quotation from Carnap gets a brief airing:

A philosophical thesis on logic or language in contrast to a psychological or linguistic thesis, is not intended to assert anything about the speaking or thinking habits of the majority of people, but rather something about possible kinds of meanings... A correct analysis of meaning can conjoin reform of logical and linguistic practice; or so Dummett has recently argued. His point of departure is an account of decidability of statements, of so-called canonical conditions of proof or refutation. Words have meaning by virtue of their contribution to detectable conditions of assertability of statements in which they occur. The meanings of statements are compounded, according to their structure, from the meanings of their constituent words. In this way we can obtain decidedly meaningful yet undecidable statements: statements which, on the crude verificationist account, would be deemed meaningless. This line of thought has been pursued a long way in Dummett's writings. Hanfling does not signpost it; and once again misses a chance to show the relevance, to contemporary philosophy, of the thought that meaning is rooted in the observable.

The Identity of the Self (148pp. Edinburgh University Press. £7.50. 0 8524 422 3) by Geoffrey Madell argues that the correct view of the nature of personal identity is the one associated with the names of Reid and Butler, that it is strict and unanalyzable. The author is opposed to the view that an account of personal identity should be seen as an extension of an account we might give of physical objects through time, an empiricist analysis in terms of the observable connections between experience, and tries to show that this position is incoherent. He regards his failure to take note of the importance of the first-person perspective as a fundamental error and argues that his own view of personal identity is much closer to our ordinary conception of it than his rivals.

The universe as onion

By R. H. Barnes

WAZIR-JAHAN KARIM
Ma' Betisek Concepts of Living Things
270pp. Athlone Press. £16.
0 385 19554 2
NIGEL PHILLIPS
Sung
Sung narrative poetry of West Sumatra
255pp. Cambridge University Press.
£22.50.
0 521 23737 8

How does an author deal with a culture in which conceptions of the world and of religious beings may vary strongly from one individual to the next? Several recent studies, such as Kirk Endicott's *Boek Negri to Religion*, have addressed themselves to this problem with analytic and descriptive flair in reference to aboriginal groups of the Malay Peninsula. Now Wazir-Jahan Karim suggests that anthropologists themselves may systematize cultural conceptions which actually lack any inherent order. The issue is an old one and turns on differing conceptions of what constitutes an explanation, but the author's conclusion conflicts with his own analysis of Ma' Betisek thought about plants, animals and people.

The Ma' Betisek are the "people with scales", a name derived from the fishing they do along the Selangor coast - one facet of an economy which includes rice cultivation, hunting, gathering, and the extraction of forest products. In the past they have been more commonly known as Ma' Mer or Basili. Racially these people are difficult to classify, since they have intermarried widely with Negro and Proto-Malay aborigines so that they show as much Indian and Chinese blood as they do Malay. Their language belongs to the Austronesian family, but has been

Ma' Betisek Concepts of Living Things begins by claiming forthrightly to be a study of a system of ideas in contextual terms. Among the features of this system are the Ma' Betisek view of the universe as a seven-layered onion. The seventh layer is the home of transparent ancestral spirits, living humans inhabit the sixth layer, while cannibals and subterranean creatures live in the first five. Their ideology is further structured by two sets of ideas, designated as *tuloh* and *kemol*. *Tuloh* concerns breaches of standards of behaviour between juniors and elders, as well as violations of the moral code between the human world and that of plants and animals. *Kemol* means placing oneself in danger by breaking a prohibition associated with plants or animals.

The author tells us that these two spheres of thought are contradictory, but equally important. They are not formulated, and are coherent only when put into operation, though they relate to two different sets of myths. They also entail two opposing notions of hierarchy. In the *tuloh* context objects are symbolically differentiated by their utility. Here humans are regarded as more powerful than plants and animals, which humans cook and eat. The author at this point confuses her analysis by associating Lévi-Strauss's opposition between nature and culture with the checker-boarded distinction, even though the Ma' Betisek do not have a general term to describe nature. Plants and animals, unlike humans, do not observe any moral code, and animals in particular are inescapably and eat one another. For this reason, the ancestors cursed the animals.

In the *kemol* context, plants and animals are superior to humans because they originate from the souls of dead humans and therefore have status as ancestors. They also possess the mystical ability to inflict illness and injury on humans. Such attacks may be motivated by wrongful damage or inconsiderate treatment of

In human, animal, or plant form may become spirit guides for shamans and aid recovery from sickness. *Tuloh* and *kemol* pertain to different domains of experience, *tuloh* attitudes being appropriate to economic activities, while *kemol* notions come into play in cases of illness or death.

In one way or another a similar dual interpretation of the world is familiar from most cultures and is certainly commonplace in South-East Asia. The two orientations are not so much in contradiction as systematically inverted, so that they make mutually dependent structures of meaning and value. The author overlooks this salient regularity in Ma' Betisek culture. She does however note other important constants, among them the association of odd numbers with good fortune, and even numbers with bad luck; the symbolic interchangeability of odd numbers; symbolic associations of black and white; as well as prescribed anticlockwise motion in ritual and dance. These preoccupations provide striking comparisons with other Asian societies. They are collectively shared and certainly remove any suspicion that the observer has manufactured an artificial order.

Sijobang is a narrative poem sung by the Minangkabau people in West Sumatra about the hero, Anggun Nan Tungga. Specialists recite and sing it for pay at weddings, house-building ceremonies and installations of lineage heads. Usually they perform only the more popular sections of a very long poem (Nigel Phillips himself recorded 40,000 metric "lines", requiring twenty-three hours of tape). His book gives us the social and literary contexts of *sijobang*, a description of local attitudes towards the story, and transcriptions of two episodes from it. The author also discusses linguistic and literary features of the poem, and variations between performances, and provides an extended summary of the full-length narrative. The result will attract the specialists rather than the general reader.

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